How to Obtain the "John Bull" Pen—See Page 11.

STATE EXPRESS CIGARETTES
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# JOHN BULL

VOL. XXIII. No. 615. SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1918. TWOPENCE.

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Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

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# HAIG'S TRAP FOR THE HUN

BY HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

# LET US KEEP OUR TAILS UP

## IN AN EFFORT TO BUILD MORE AEROPLANES.

The British aviator is just as effective in his speech as in his work over the Gotha lairs and the German lines.

Everybody was thrilled by the message which was sent in response to the Air Ministry's thanks for the great work our men did in the German offensive. "They have got their tails well up," was what General Salmond telegraphed, and the effect of his words was to put the tails of the whole British Public up, or, in other words, to convince us that in our Air Service we have a sure shield on which we can rely for the safety of our island shores.

They have got their tails up; they will keep them up, and as sure as night follows day, the day is not so far distant when not only the German aviator, but the whole of the people, will get their tails down.

To use the apt phrases which Army men use, it is a case of "Thumbs up!" with us and "Thumbs down" with Germany, and the more areoplanes we can build, the sooner the end will come.

Germany knows now that she is fighting a forlorn hope, but she will go on fighting as long as she can. Her people were taught to believe that our aviators would never dare to cross the frontiers of their Fatherland. They thought they were secure in Coblenz and the other Rhine towns, and so they applauded the flights of their Zeppelins and Gothas to bomb women and children in London and seacoast towns. The men and women of Germany could have protested against these raids, but instead they gloried in them, believing they would bring us to our knees, believing we would cringe and sue for peace.

They know differently now. They have experienced all the horrors of a raid, and they are beginning to realise that Germany is not so powerful in the air as their leaders led them to believe. What we have got to do now is to continue the work we have so well begun, and we will then be able to achieve the great object for which we unsheathed the sword and sent our fleet of aeroplanes into the sky.

We must go on building these aeroplanes without stopping. Germany will continue her efforts to increase the output of her factories. We must beat her in the future as we have beaten her in the past and are beating her now.

Mr. J. A. Whitehead, the Aircraft King, the man who has done so much, both by his influence and his work, to increase our power in the air, says that we can out-distance Germany, both in the manufacture of machines and in the training of pilots. He says we have only to put our shoulders to the wheel, to unite in a great national effort, and Germany can never hope to come anywhere near us.

Whitehead Aircraft, the firm of which he is the promoter, has been turning out large numbers of the machines our aviators require for their work. His vast enterprise is now to be enlarged for a final effort, and the public are invited to come along and help make more aeroplanes.

It is not necessary for each one of us to flock to the workshops and take our turn at the benches or the lathes. We can do just as effective work by investing in aircraft shares, which will enable fresh plant to be installed, new factories to be added, and more men to be employed.

This is the first time the British Public have had the opportunity to become financially interested in the capital issues, especially the Ordinary shares, of great enterprises engaged exclusively in the production of aeroplanes.

A number of Companies, as is well-known, are earning very large profits at the present time, and as the aircraft factories increase their usefulness so will the financial returns grow larger and larger.

These aircraft factories, be it remmbered, are adapted for any kind of work in wood and iron. Every worker is an expert artisan, and, like the factory where aircraft are made, is a national asset. At any time the nation could make use of such factories as those of the Whitehead Aircraft Ltd., to supply a national need.

After the war is over there will still be a great output, for our air forces will have to have the machines for their training work and for looking after the shores of our island. The Commercial world as well will find a use for aircraft, and in the realms of travel and sport they will be used extensively in the greater future.

The main thing, however, is that by investing in aircraft shares now the public will be helping to keep off the raiders, to punish Germany for the evil deeds she has done, and to end the war sooner.

Our brave lads in the trenches know well what aircraft means to them. As they watch our machines engaging the Boche over the battle lines they feel the confidence to win and the pride that helps them to conquer. They are looking to us to send out more machines, and still more machines, and they will not ask in vain.

These must be the months of our greatest effort, our Grand Push at home. We must give the Germans the answer to their proud boasts, and we can do it best by sending the answer from the skies—from the skies that Germany disgraced.

The opportunity is in our hands to overwhelm the Hun, to capture the industry and make it a thoroughly British one.

Every man and woman can help to defeat Germany and at the same time widen the bounds of our Empire.

This they can do by co-operating in the extension of aeroplane-building.

Whitehead Aircraft, Ltd., have got Treasury sanction to issue capital up to one million pounds.

Their Prospectus has been issued, and although this must not be construed into a direct invitation to subscribe to this issue, anyone who wishes a copy can have one by writing to Mr. J. A. Whitehead, Box J.B., John Bull, 92, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

# JOHN BULL

*The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.*

*Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:*
*Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.*

**Vol. XXIII. No. 618.** Week ending Saturday, April 6th, 1918. **Twopence.**


## "THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*"

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

**More Co-ordination.**

At last we have a Military Generalissimo. What about a political one—to "co-ordinate" the policy of all the Allies?

**Mentioned in Despatches.**

"The Lord helped splendidly," said the Kaiser, in one of his war wires. Before long it will be a case of God help him.

**Cologne at Last.**

So we have bombed Cologne at last. But glad we haven't hurt the Cathedral. The Kaiser might have been inside, in consultation with his new Ally! And, by the way, what does that Ally think of the shelling of His House on Good Friday, whilst pious French Catholics were kneeling at His Throne, on the most sacred day of all the year?

**Which Are We?**

The official catalogue of the Exhibition of War Photographs says the pictures are "pregnant with horror or relieved by irresistible humour." And one of the pictures is "Mr. Bottomley at the Front"!

**Lord Hardinge's German Maid.**

We beg to ask—and we have a reason for asking—what has become of the German lady's maid who remained at the Viceregal Lodge, Delhi, as maid to Miss Hardinge, after her mother's death, and left India with the family when Lord Hardinge came home?

**The General Election.**

It is now definitely settled that, unless something totally unforeseen in connection with the war occurs, the first election on the new Register shall take place in October—and the "issue" will undoubtedly then be the Terms of Peace. May Tommy have full opportunity for recording *his* vote. Then we shall have no anxiety as to the result of the election.

**More Munition Muddling.**

Who was responsible for advising Mr. Churchill some weeks ago that we had ample reserves of munitions for every possible emergency and that it would be quite safe to close down many of the works—with the result that the Minister of Munitions has been compelled to take matters into his own hands? Was the contingency of a temporary German advance never considered?

**Oh, Dear Us!**

What a weary world it is! The other day we appealed to Mrs. Tommy Atkins not to worry her man just now with home troubles—and for that we are called by the *Sunday Chronicle* "a mere Government hack." In one sense we are—always hacking away at 'em when they deserve it.

**The Sea Next.**

Be prepared next to see a big move at sea. There is much activity up the Kiel Canal—and at our Grand Fleet base they are expecting something.

**Pioneers.**

We gather that it would give pleasure to the men of the Labour Corps working in the fighting line, if they could be given their original name of Pioneers. Let it be done.

**Those Downing Street Rumours.**

It is to be hoped that the pending proceedings against Mr. Pemberton Billing will dispose, one way or the other, of the unsavoury rumours about the social side of Downing Street in days past.

**'Orrible!**

"In no civilised land on earth," says the *Catholic News*, "has public life and journalism fallen to such depths of degradation." Public life, perhaps, but journalism, No—whilst we have the *Catholic News*.

**Moon Raids.**

Don't let Londoners be lulled into a false sense of security, due entirely to the fact that, during the last moon, the Germans couldn't spare any machines from the front. They will come again—but we shan't get excited.

**Germany's Next Gun.**

We are told that Germany has in store a much more powerful gun than that with which she has been shelling Paris. Personally, we should not be at all surprised if she shortly devised a means of "shooting the moon."

**The Innocence of B. L.**

"I am a bit sceptical about the coming German offensive," said Mr. Bonar Law a few weeks ago—and he is Leader of the House of Commons, and, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, responsible for the financing of the war!

**Mansion House Economy.**

We have received from the Lord Mayor a large quarto circular letter, printed on expensive paper, with three absolutely blank pages, about a luncheon in aid of the Royal Hospital for Incurables. Enough might have been saved on the cost of these circulars to make a decent donation.

**Don't Disturb Them!**

There is a certain Tube, under the control of a Government Department, in which are being stored those old friends of ours, the British Museum mummies. Recently some of the employés of that Department asked permission to take shelter in that tube against air raids; but permission was refused! The dear old things must not be disturbed.

**British Commonwealth Union.**

We gather that this scheme is nearly ready. It will consist of a federation of Capital and Labour, under the auspices of all that is best in each interest—or, rather, in the common interest of both. Good luck to it.

**Bankers Beware.**

This is how the Huns may be getting money from England: A London customer of an English bank, with Swiss Branches, opens an account in the neutral territory, replenishes it from time to time from here, and allows a Hun friend to draw cheques upon it. See?

**Agreed.**

Mr. Arthur Gleason has just published an interesting book called "Inside Britain." Incidentally he deals with British journalism, and of ourselves he says we have "a genuine pity for the lot of the poor," and that in that fact, and not in our "raw conceit and vulgarity and barrenness of ideas," lies the secret of our hold on the public. So be it.

**The Coming Struggle.**

And yet, despite our "vulgarity" and "raw conceit" and "barrenness of ideas" (we thought we were Purveyor of Ideas to the Government!), Mr. Gleason foresees "when it comes to the downright spade work of reconstruction . . . a sharp tussle for mastery between the Bottomley type of mind and the real leaders of England." Rough on the leaders!

**Another Appreciation.**

Our contemporary, *Everyman*, too, has been indulging in an analysis of our psychology, and we shall not be accused of undue egotism when we quote this: "He has no intellect in the higher sense, but in brain power of a certain kind he has probably but one living equal." And then we are left in unsatisfied curiosity as to the identity of our mental prototype. Too bad!

**Aircraft Secrets.**

When Mr. Whitehead, the enterprising and patriotic aircraft pioneer, was publishing preliminary announcements of his forthcoming capital issue, the Censor would not allow the address of his works to be mentioned. But in the prospectus now out, all particulars are permitted. Such is the official mind! All the same, we fancy that Germany knows those works pretty well by this time.

**Ill-bre(a)d.**

Isn't it about time that there was a clean sweep made of the Conchies at the Bermondsey Labour Co-operative Bakery? In this funk-hole cowards from all parts of the country had a cosy refuge—with the consequence that it has obtained practically a local monopoly, and is ruining the businesses of men at the front whose wives are endeavouring to "carry on."

**An Unworthy Policy.**

"The Army pay has been increased to 1s. 6d. per day for privates, hence reduction in the monthly remittance." An intimation of this kind to the wife of an employee, fighting in France, reflects no credit on any employer, and is a positive disgrace to such a concern as the Clydesdale Bank, Limited, whose records in these matters is none of the best.

**Our Splendid Women.**

Listen to this from the wife of a soldier: "The doctor gave me up for dead, and wanted to cable for my husband, but I would not approve, as I write every week to him in Palestine, telling him we are in the pink." A race with such heroines as that for its mothers is assured of immortality, though all the powers of Hell were in league for its destruction.

**Anxious Inquiry.**

"Anxious Parents," living in Croft Road, Parkstone, seek our assistance in filling their application forms for Food Cards, as, "failing to state the occupation of their children, aged 15 months and 6 weeks respectively, the form has been returned to them for the necessary information to be supplied." The 15 months' one should be described as a futurist; the 6 weeks' one as a milkman.

**Rats and Wigs.**

Cardiff possesses an up-to-date rat-catcher, who goes a-killing on his own motor-cycle. At least, he did until the other day, when he was dropped on for using petrol, instead of patronising the railroad or a hired conveyance. Just about the same time, the Assizes were held in Cardiff, and my lords and big-wigs had to travel from lodgings to Court. *They* punished petrol without one word of admonition.

**How We Saved His Life.**

It was on Pilot Cutter 18, of Pill, when in the Bristol Channel. He was relieved from his watch, and should have turned in, but, instead, he sat up and read JOHN BULL. Then, just as he meditated a last look round, the cutter was smashed into by a steamer coming down Channel. His bunk was "cut right into," and the boat sank. "Had it not been for JOHN BULL, I should have been in my bunk and killed," is his report. Well worth twopence!

**A Futile Censorship.**

The Press Censorship authorities seem to have almost entirely failed in their efforts to check the outflow of pernicious pacifist "literature," many leaflets and broadsheets of a rank pro-German character being still in active circulation, bearing the imprints of such concerns as the Victoria House Printing Co., the National Labour Press, and the Pelican Press. The Government should long ago have plucked up their courage, and laid an absolute embargo upon these treasonable prints for the duration of the war.

**An Incompetent Committee.**

A Dunstable farmer, on land held by his family for 300 years, explained to the War Agricultural Committee that he had eight horses idle in his stable for three months, and asked for assistance in getting men to plough with them. This extraordinary reply came from the Committee:—"In their opinion the best course for you to adopt would be to either let or sell your farm, and they have directed the Executive Officer to assist you to that end." A more fatuous example of official ineptitude it would be hard to imagine.

**Hero of Heanor.**

Just lately we told how Harry Parkin, of Heanor, had leaped on a runaway tram, rushing downhill on fire, and had brought it to a standstill, saving a dreadful collision and possibly many lives. We now chronicle as a happy sequel to our story that Parkin has been awarded the Carnegie Hero Certificate, and a War Bond for £5 from the Trustees; just as a little recognition of a very smart and daring deed.

**Artful Dodgers.**

House-property owners in Bristol are highly concerned about rates going up, because the Council has been increasing salaries of highly-paid officials, and we go all the way with them in their protest. But we part company when those landlords suggest as a cure that their tenants should pay the rates instead of themselves. That would certainly ease the rich man's burden, but only to place it on the shoulders of poor folk who already have enough to bear.

**Guilty Leek.**

Leek Urban Tribunal is as bad as ever, if not worse; 36 appeals considered, and not one recruit! Very many of them were "A" men, and they included dyers' mixers, silk twisters, and fettlers—who, we believe, are cleaners and menders of silk thread. The silk they handle is artificial stuff, for ornamental or luxury purposes, and nothing in the way of national importance. Leek Urban and Rural Tribunal are standing—or sitting—examples of shameless incompetence.

**Coddling the Hun.**

Hun prisoners at Port Talbot had a whole two miles to go to work, and were taken thither by train to specially constructed platforms. Nor is that all. When our rations were reduced, so were those at the prisoners' camp, but the Germans thereupon struck, and refused, we are informed, to leave camp for their "labour." To placate them, they were put back on full rations! *Our* way would have been a further reduction of rations daily, down to the last oat, until they came to heel.

**A German as Boss.**

South Shields Guardians have queer ideas anent the fitness of things. At their hospital they have actually been employing a German as wardsman over British patients. It was intimated, half apologetically, that the German had "been taking duties, though not officially," while a disgraceful charge was made that he had been so objectionable that one patient, an old soldier, had been obliged to leave the hospital. It was agreed to have the man removed and interned—none too soon. But who was responsible for such a deplorable appointment?

**Concerning Elizabeth Isaacs.**

The Nottingham Guardians want us to make a correction. We are more than pleased. The evidence at the inquest on Elizabeth Isaacs, spinster, aged 68, as reported in the *Nottinghamshire Guardian*, was, the other Guardians tell us, incorrect. She was in receipt of outdoor relief amounting to 6s. per week. She received from friends a sum of 4s. and coal. She had let a room at 2s. a week. It is further asserted by the Guardians that she was able to earn at the lowest estimate 1s. 6d. a week. Anyhow, granting everything, and accepting the Guardians' estimate that she could make altogether 14s. a week, they apparently have the cheek to think that at the present prices this is enough to live on!

**Bradley's Bunk.**

T. Bradley, of 453, West Strand, London, W.C., is still on the old stunt, sending out letters alleging that he is working a highly-profitable turf system in which loss is impossible, as he has proved to his "own satisfaction." "I shall be pleased," says he with his tongue in his cheek, "to work the system for you, as I am already doing for other clients, remitting you as stated £1 weekly profit on each £40 you send." Evidently Bradley is short of brass in his pocket—all he has being in his face.

**Amazing Disclosures.**

In the American Upper House, Senator Gilbert M. Hitchcock has been delivering a smashing attack upon some aspects of United States war administration. No doubt the Senator's revelations will be severely deprecated in official circles at Washington, but if it is true that a large consignment of meat was recently sent over to Europe and then back to America, because someone had neglected to unload it, it would seem desirable that someone else should talk about it in a voice that can be heard—although in such cases, and there have been others equally scandalous, the whole blame does not necessarily rest with Uncle Sam.

**A Mitred Cur.**

We observe that the Most Rev. Dr. Hallinan, Bishop of Limerick, is on his hind legs because photographs of his recent consecration have been shown at a local cinema house, side by side with films of a more secular character. With a tortured logic which we cannot pretend to follow, his Reverence believes that this kind of thing "will gradually prepare the way for the establishment in our midst of the leper hospitals for the treatment of the horribly revolting and highly-infectious disease begotten of the immorality of the British soldiery." If ever it is our misfortune to meet his disGrace of Limerick, our strong inclination will be to raise a lump on his unholy visage.

**'Ware Wagner!**

Wagner's music is still offered to us. The plea that it is "only music" is no defence. Wagner's music is accepted by Germans as the expression of German sentiment and ideas. The grandiose, heavy, noisy, and mostly untuneful stuff is worshipped as the German soul in music, and every Wagner Concert held in Britain is a tacit recognition and approval of German Kultur and German aspirations. A minor matter is that Wagner's daughter is the wife of the renegade and traitor, Houston Stewart Chamberlain. Despite all this, a concert consisting entirely of extracts from "Parsifal" and "Walküre" was given at the Queen's Hall on Good Friday.

**"When It Was Dark."**

It is extraordinary that during the first days of the enemy offensive the extent of our reverses had to be learned from the Germhun cock-a-whoops. When we say it is extraordinary we mean it isn't, for it is characteristic. The French War authorities are candid in loss or disaster; ours in similar case attenuate the truth with periods of disconcerting silence. There has been some improvement in the British *communiqués*, but they still lack the candour of the French bulletins, while for the unobfuscated facts we have to turn to the official statements of an enemy to whom lying is second nature, but who is always brutal in his truth when he feels like it.

**Affluent Attendants.**

Will the Chancellor of the Exchequer be good enough to tell us what steps have been taken to secure the due payment of Income Tax by waiters and other attendants in first-class restaurants and hotels? We have no wish to make trouble for anyone, but if a single legitimate source of revenue is overlooked, the burden is made heavier for those to whom circumstances leave no loophole.

**Not Even a Bun.**

Hubby was at length home on leave from France in his little Norfolk town, so wifie and he decided on a nice long day in Cromer. Alas, it was spoiled! For nowhere in Cromer could they get any dinner, or other food, a cup of tea, or even a penny bun. "No soldiers served till after 6 o'clock." So Tommy and wife went home early and hungry. We believe their experience is quite a usual one, but it seems all wrong.

**To Pensions Committees.**

Secretaries and members of local War Pensions Committees are invited to make themselves more fully acquainted with their powers and the rules that should guide them. Also, they should meet when there is a case for consideration; to wait sometimes for two or three months while a batch of cases accumulates, is to keep some deserving hero on his beam-ends out in the cold to an extent unnecessary and hurtful. If we address these remarks to the Enniskillen Committee, it is not because they are worse than some others.

**A War Widow.**

A woman, taken on temporarily by the Mail Postal Department, G.P.O., Crewe Station, was discharged in a month through slackness. She is the widow of a Mons hero, with young children. Other women, with husbands in good employ, were kept on. She thinks she might have received more consideration, as she was the only war widow there. And with that thought of hers we are in entire accord.

**Uneven-handed Justice.**

At Gravesend, a tobacconist was charged with selling two boxes of matches at an excess price of ½d. on each box; total 1d. He was fined £1. At Gravesend, a "smartly-dressed woman" was charged with stealing a portmanteau, knives, biscuit barrel, etc., valued at £19 10s. Her solicitor said she came of a good family, and was very sorry. She was bound over for six months We do not grudge leniency to first offenders, but we think she was just as naughty as the man who charged a farthing too much for a box of matches.

**To be Continued in Its Next.**

Some experts have suggested that the Paris "Mystery Gun" is one that fires relay shells, the shell originally fired exploding to send on another shell, or even other shells, until the distance has been covered. Our own Inventions Department turned down a notion of that kind in 1916, and stated it was one of a very large number of substantially the same idea, none of them having been recommended for trial!

**Still Waiting.**

We hear disquieting stories concerning the "P" (Camberwell) Division of the Special Constabulary. Many of the men, although they have been in the force eighteen months or so, are still without their full kit. It is now stated, however, that every man will have an order for a top-coat and winter trousers! Just as spring is here, too. But what about boots and tunic?

**Scotching a Catch.**

Lord Rhondda authorised the catching of freshwater fish by net, and extended the time by another month. But Bumble steps in to stop the public from securing this food. The waters of Romney Marsh and the River Rother are full of fish. Yet the authorities will not issue a licence before July, for a period of six weeks, and on payment of 30s., with Bumble, their Bailiff, to see that they get it. And, it seems, to see that poor folk remain fishless.

**Haymarket Stores.**

The Haymarket Civil Service Stores are evidently treating some of the poorer customers very badly. Having induced them to register with the firm by wide advertising, they let them down, either by neglect or indifference, or because they have not adequate means of handling the orders. The trouble and expense to which such people have been put in obtaining from the Stores sugar and coal, for instance, have placed them in a very much worse position than if they had dealt nearer home.

# *Candid Communications.*

***This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and occasionally Nonentities.***

**To the Right Hon. T. J. Macnamara, M.P., Financial Secretary to the Admiralty.**

MY DEAR MACNAMARA,—I wonder if you could find time to look into the case of Seaman William Atkins, of Plaistow, who some time ago was mined or torpedoed while serving on a Trinity House steamer. The poor fellow was badly injured, and my information is that during his stay in hospital his wife and two children received an Admiralty allowance of 10s. 6d. a week, 9s. of which went in rent. This was bad enough, but worse follows. Seeking light employment to eke out this meagre pension, Atkins found a job as a caretaker—whereupon the Admiralty grant was reduced to 1s. 3d. a week. What does it all mean?

JOHN BULL.

**To R. Peacock, Esq., Chief Constable, Manchester.**

DEAR POLICEMAN,—I see you have been presented, so to speak, with "a little bit of sugar for the bird." Unanimously, a meeting of the Manchester and District Citizen's Protection Society has demanded your removal from office, recommending you, in fact, for the Distinguished Order of the Boot. It is the contention of the Society that "the Chief Constable has forfeited the confidence of all real patriots by his actions since his notorious friendship with the German Consul, Captain Schleigenweit." See what comes of keeping bad company!

JOHN BULL.

**To J. Havelock Wilson, Esq., Secretary, British Seamen's and Firemen's Union.**

DEAR HAVELOCK WILSON,—Just a word of congratulation upon the firm stand you have taken in regard to German atrocities at sea. In your stern condemnation of Hunnish piracy and your unyielding demand for retribution, you have the whole-hearted support of all that is best in the country. Already we owe much to your spirited agitation. Let the good work go on!

JOHN BULL.

**To the Countess Sondes, Brenfley, Faversham.**

MY DEAR COUNTESS,—It seems that you already keep a kitchen gardener, and now you advertise for a flower gardener who "understands flowers, cuttings, etc.," and, as you expressly stipulate, is "a single man." Now, most single men are young men, and in these terrible days every fit young man is "wanted" in the service of the State. My dear Countess, the Huns would make a sad mess of your flower gardens if ever they came your way.

JOHN BULL.

**To Arthur Sherwell, Esq., M.P. for Huddersfield.**

DEAR SIR,—You are not under suspicion of undue prejudice against those who seek to attract attention from the pumpuritan platform. I have myself recently written strongly of the American pulpiteers, Dr. Fort Newton and Dr. Sheldon, both of them little more than strangers in this country, in regard to their distorted and untruthful "rhetorical accusations of poisoning American boys" with alcoholic liquor, as you put it. American boys here are at liberty to be just as dry as they wish to be; if they are not as dry as Dr. Fort Newton and Dr. Sheldon expect them to be, it is not unreasonable to suppose it is because, in America, they are dry because they have to be.

JOHN BULL.

**To the Chairman, Lanarkshire Tramways, Motherwell.**

DEAR CHAIRMAN,—When one of your trolly poles slipped its moorings overhead and got entangled with a road standard, the result was that the pole and its heavy basement were wrenched from the top of the car, and fell into the street, killing one man and severely injuring another. However, I see that in an action for damages against you in the Court of Session, you have romped home the winners, the injured man and the widow of the other being mulcted in the costs. If this is the law, or even if it isn't, the pedestrians of Motherwell may do well to use the back streets.

JOHN BULL.

**To Max Wilhelm Hundert, Folkestone.**

DEAR EX-HUN,—Only by the grace of God or your own good luck you have elected to become naturalised. But a real Englishman plays the game; you don't. I see that the other day you were fined £1 for showing a bright light. Yet this was your seventh fine for a similar offence. If I had so offended against the law—and in such a place, too—I should expect to be sent to prison. But, then, you are only naturalised—that makes all the difference.

JOHN BULL.

**To the Right Hon. Lord Rhondda, Minister of Rations.**

DEAR LORD RHONDDA,—News reaches me that a new seam of six million tons of coal has been struck in the Rhondda Valley. If this is your valley and your seam, it appears to me you couldn't have had a pleasanter present when you awoke the other morning to find yourself saying how-d'you-do to your sixty-second birthday. I daresay I haven't disagreed with you more often than you have disagreed with me. As on that score we are about quits, I can wish you many happy returns of the day, anyway. May your shadow and our rations never grow less!

JOHN BULL.

**To John Jackson, late of 55, Hart Road, Wednesfield.**

OBJECTIONABLE CONCHY,—Before you were called up, you were so fond of writing letters to the military that I am sure you will appreciate one in return. Referring to the call-up notice, you wrote that your letter-box was "not an ash-tip" for "refuse." You "don't waste your breath with murderers." The officer whom you addressed you described as a "treacherous scamp," a "dirty dog," and a "dirty murderer." I am glad to know that you have been escorted to barracks as an absentee. The value of your "conscience" may be gauged by your boast that you "had gone on munitions to avoid military service." Well, your trick has been trumped. You have left civil life, and had better be really civil now.

JOHN BULL.

# THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING NOBODY.

## HOW HISTORY IS REPEATING ITSELF—AN AMAZING PARALLEL RECALLED.

By W. Walter Crotch.

I KNOW of no English writer who can speak—especially at a time of anxiety and crisis like the present—with quite the same authority and appositeness as did Dickens. I am not regarding him now as a romancer or as a dramatiser of life. I am considering him as a thinker and as a citizen, and it seems to me that in these very capacities he had much to tell his fellow countrymen which needs very badly repeating to-day. If we turn to a certain article which emanated from his virile and arresting pen so long ago as 1856, we shall, I fancy, be startled by the completeness—the absolute, perfect completeness—with which his words fit the situation to-day. When Dickens wrote, we were in the horrors of the Crimean Campaign. Then, as now, "the men were splendid": then, as now, the great heart of the nation was sound. Then, as now, we responded promptly, blithely, magnificently to every demand that a new menacing situation sprang on us; and then, as now, our progress was slowed, and our triumph was jeopardised and delayed by inefficiency, maladministration and a lack of grip and vigour on the part of those in charge of the machine of Government. The horrors of the Scutari hospitals, the bungle of Balaclava, the lack of equipment, the breakdown of transport—these things stirred the nation profoundly. But, strange to say, public indignation evaporated without anybody being punished, and for a long, a very long, time the bungling and inefficiency continued. It was then that Dickens wrote the article to which I refer, announcing a remarkable discovery.

### The Omnipotence of Nobody.

Put in a phrase, that discovery was the omnipotence of Nobody. "It is difficult," said Dickens, "to span the career of Nobody. It was Nobody who made the hospitals more horrible than language can describe, it was even Nobody who occasioned all the dire confusion of Balaclava Harbour, it was even Nobody who ordered the fatal Balaclava Cavalry charge. The non-relief of Kars was the work of Nobody, and Nobody has justly and severely suffered for that infamous transaction." Thus wrote Dickens in 1856, when defeat, disaster—aye, and disgrace—dogged our footsteps. Very appropriate then, no doubt, the reader will observe. But to-day, of course, things are different. Are they?

### An Ever-Active Imp.

Recently a debate took place in the House of Commons concerning the affair at Cambrai—the victory that made us ring the joy-bells of St. Paul's and join whole-heartedly in fervent thanksgiving. But a little later other developments were reported. The joy-bells, we began to see, were premature. Someone had bungled, and the Government were catechised on the point. They admitted that certain of the officers had been sent home, but "no one had been at fault." Thereon a Member asked if it were suggested that the soldiers—the rank and file—were to blame, and if not, who was? And then came the startling answer—the answer that Dickens ridiculed half a century ago—"*Nobody was to blame.*" And Cambrai is only symptomatic of the general attitude of the Barnacles and the Stiltstalkers during the war. The power of Nobody is still enormous. It was Nobody who was responsible for the terrible hash that was made last year of National Service: just the same as Nobody was again to blame for the state of the hospital ships in Mesopotamia. Nobody projected the expedition to Gallipoli and, when he had done that, Nobody again so contrived to execute his plans that failure was inevitable. It was Nobody who refused to buy the Lewis Gun after the war had started, and Nobody was again responsible for our perfectly appalling lack of aeroplanes when the war commenced. It was Nobody who refused to provide for the present food shortage, and Nobody again who sent out the opera bouffe expedition to Antwerp. When cotton was shown to be pouring into Germany from the United States, Nobody prevented it being made contraband, so that the enemy piled up huge reserves of this first essential of his offensives. It was Nobody who left gentlemen of foreign and Teuton extraction to represent British interests at various important commercial centres, and Nobody who drafted men into the army who were urgently wanted on the land and in the shipyards—at the same time keeping in Government offices other men who could very well be spared for the front. Nobody was responsible for all the wastage and extravagance—to use no harsher term—that is revealed by the Public Accounts Committee: and Nobody we may be certain will be punished for them!

### As In 1856.

Shortly—as in 1856, so now. Let me say at once that I do not adopt any harsh or censorious attitude towards the Government. We ought to judge them generously, because they are charged with a task of appalling magnitude and great difficulty. I freely concede that they are entitled to sympathy, forbearance even; but I realise also that to pardon every sin of commission and omission that they commit is a sure and certain way to promote inefficiency. If we are going to preserve our Empire, personal responsibility must be restored to its conduct. Unless that be done, then, inevitably also, it will go to pieces. As Dickens put it: "Where do I, as an Englishman, want Somebody? Before high Heaven, I want him everywhere!" Somebody who shall be no fiction, but a capable, good, determined workman. He wanted, he said, "cleverness in doing business, not cleverness in evading it." In plain words, an able business man; *not a rhetorician and debater.* "The more clever he is in the latter quality," said Dickens "(which has been the making of Nobody), the worse I hold it will be for me, and my children and for all men and their children." Does Anybody doubt that Dickens was right?

## FROM SALONIKA TO PORT SAID.

### WOUNDED MEN AND A FILTHY TRANSPORT.

From Salonika to India travelled 250 gunners. They were newly discharged from hospital, suffering from wounds, dysentery, and malaria. There was not an officer or non-com. with the draft, but an old gunner was set in charge of each 50 men. Some of them had fought from the beginning in France—old Contemptibles who had been through the worst and fiercest battles, wounded several times over. The boat those men left Salonika in—the *Salsus*—had arrived with mules; there was no accommodation for troops. They had to herd on board anyhow—vilely, heaped almost on top of each other, on a steel deck or down the holds, among filth and rubbish, for the ship had not been cleansed since the mules left it. On biscuits and bully beef they existed till they reached Port Said, nine days later, and then a doctor forbade the vessel to be used any more to transport troops. So they went overland to Suez, and were for the first time taken over by officers, arriving at last in India. Now, some of those men had received no pay for six months before leaving Salonika, nor could they get a penny in India, for "papers had not arrived." It is small wonder their opinion is that never have soldiers been worse treated. Certainly the case frames as a pretty bad one. It is on a par with the disgraceful condition of certain transports from Natal to India already exposed in our columns, and we fear that these do not exhaust the list.

## THE "NO CHILDREN" SCANDAL.

### LANDLORDS' HARSH RULE THAT NEEDS REFORM.

So prevalent among landlords is the "No Children" scandal that we keep hammering away at it in the hope of forcing a remedy. One case we have under notice comes from a village in Staffordshire, where a soldier's wife, with four little ones, is the victim. They have lived fourteen years in the village, yet a landlord, knowing them well, refuses them the tenancy of his cottage, stating he wishes to let it to somebody without family. Another instance hails from Elgin. The widow of a slain sergeant of the Seaforths has five young children—and the best of reputations. She desired larger premises, and applied for them in her own locality, because it is dear to her for the sake of memory. The factor, however, who knows her and her fine character, has decided, after some shilly-shally, that the house "would be too small for you and your family of five children." To that the widow retorts that exactly similar premises belonging to the same estate have been let, in one case for 18 years to a father and mother who brought up seven children, and in another to a family of seven, all adults. Her own oldest child is 12, the youngest 2; so she certainly has the best of the argument. Such cases of lack of consideration, or want of humanity, occur in large numbers every day, and it shall not be our fault if we fail to get the situation eased, for the sake of harassed parents who are only too often soldiers or sailors and their wives.

## A WANTON AFFRONT.

### LOAN MERCHANTS' DISGRACEFUL THREAT.

In the way of grab and cunning, Messrs. L. & H. Selig, moneylenders, of 34, Turner Street, Blyth, have probably little to learn, although in the gentler arts they are less proficient. While her man was fighting in France, a Blyth woman got into difficulties, and foolishly opened up negotiations with the Selig Brothers. Her books show that on each of two short loans of £1 she paid 10s. interest. Then she borrowed a further £3, and in January last had paid back £2 8s. 6d., when her repayments fell slightly behind. Then it was that Messrs. L. and H. Selig addressed to their debtor—to whose husband, in another sense, they themselves must ever be in debt to an extent which no money can measure—a coarse and brutal letter, in which they stated that "unless we receive a substantial sum by this week-end, we shall be compelled to call upon you personally for the amount, and shall not be responsible for the publicity which may spread among your respected neighbours." There you have the moral measure of Messrs. L. and H. Selig. Remember that, as long ago as October last, these blood-suckers had received back the whole principal of their loan, of £2, while the interest paid up till January last worked out at over 40 per cent. per annum. In the circumstances, we cannot "be responsible for the publicity which may spread among the respected neighbours" of Messrs. Selig.

# THE NEW CHUM.

Uncle Sam: "Tommy, make room for your Uncle!"

## CHUMS OF THE CONCHIES.

### RAMSAY MACDONALD AND A BANKRUPT FUND.

It may surprise some of our readers to learn that a Committee for the Relief of Dependents of Conscientious Objectors has been registered under the War Charities' Act of 1916, the Chairmanship of this curious body being appropriately assigned to Mr. J. Ramsay Macdonald, M.P., to whom all cheques and P.O.s are to be made payable. However, it appears that the Conchies' Relief Fund is in low water, if not actually on the rocks—as might indeed be hoped and expected at a time when the patriotic public are putting every ounce of effort and of monetary assistance into the grim fight against the Huns. Recently, the Committee have been sending out S.O.S. signals, the latest being a two-page circular, signed by Mrs. Ada Salter and by the Rev. Leyton Richards, a gentleman described as "General Secretary F.O.R." We very much doubt, however, whether all the efforts of the Friends of Rotters—otherwise the Fellowship of Reconciliation—will suffice to drag the Conchies' Committee out of the financial bog into which they have stumbled. Their latest circular starts: "Our reserves are exhausted; our income from regular subscriptions amounts only to £140 per month, and our expenditure now reaches a monthly total of £600." Still, even while they are heading for bankruptcy, the cheek of the Committee is unexhausted.

Here is a choice sample of their style: "We are sure that there still remains a large body of people who have not yet contributed to this most deserving cause, and to you we would earnestly commend the needs of the dependents of the brave men who are so nobly standing for peace and freedom in the prisoner Home Office camps, and solitary places of our land." Most sensible people will be inclined to retort that the Conchies, having made their beds, must lie upon them; and although some sympathy may be felt for their wives and children, it will be generally conceded that, in these days of universal sorrow, there are countless superior claims upon public generosity.

## HEARTLESS EVICTIONS.

### AMAZING PROCEEDINGS BY AN ORPHANAGE.

Ever since her husband joined the R.F.C., Mrs. Mary Jane Richards had occupied her little home at Ivy Cottage, Tregynon, but a few weeks ago the good woman was haled to the local Police Court to answer an ejectment summons. Apparently, there was no question of rent owing, or of any improper behaviour on the part of the tenant; and we are in warm agreement with one of the Magistrates, Mr. Edward Morgan, that it was "a painful thing to see two officers, one a major and the other a captain—Capt. Quintin Dick, the lessee, and Major D. Davies, the owner—turning out a soldier's wife and children from their house." However, the Magistrates, by a majority, sanctioned the heartless eviction. Equally painful is a case reported from Langley, Bucks, where an old cabman with two sons fighting, and one killed at Ypres, rented a little cottage from the Actors' Orphanage Fund.

The old man's rent was regularly paid, and although, through the war, he had been sadly reduced in circumstances, he clung with determined fondness to his little home. Yet, for some reason or other, the Orphanage authorities had marked down the cottage for their own occupation, and they actually went to the length of summoning this poor old man to the Police Court, where at the first time of asking their application for an Ejectment Order was refused. Meanwhile, the tenant pleaded to be left in possession; "If I have to leave the premises, I fear it will be the breaking-up of my home, and it will be most awful for my three brave sons to know that while they are fighting their home may be broken up," he wrote, pathetically, but to no purpose; and, finally, on a second application to the Magistrates, an ejectment was sanctioned, and the old man's furniture was put into the street. In the case of any private landlord, such proceedings would have been highly blameable, but on the part of a charitable organisation with eminent honorary officers they are past all understanding.

## THE "BLIND AID" SWINDLE.

### URGENT DEMAND FOR FURTHER POLICE ACTION.

If the officials of the so-called Blind Aid Society, of Brixton, imagine that we can be bluffed by the transparent pretexts with which they have contrived to deceive a section of the charitable public, they are sadly mistaken. Fortunately, the outcome of our renewed exposures is already apparent. At the South-Western Police Court the other day, we notice that the Magistrate, Mr. Chester Jones, referring to a certain name on the Society's touting circulars, remarked, "We two have met before." It is possible that the name in question may have been that of the notorious William Blackburn, the twice-convicted swindler, whose connection with the Blind Aid Society still continues, although recently this fact has been studiously suppressed. However, we trust that steps may soon be taken to test the whole position of the Society, and to bring its principal agents to book. As far as we can make out, these artful charity-mongers keep no regular accounts other than a few memoranda in penny cash books. Indeed, the whole organisation of the Society is tainted with the gravest irregularity, and it would puzzle an expert auditor to ascertain the exact extent of their recent depredations. There have of course been certain grants to the blind—ground-bait for the gathering in of subscriptions—but our information suggests that for some time past these charitable donations have amounted only to some 10 per cent. of the total amounts collected. This is the gravamen of our charge against the Society, and we suggest that the police authorities already have more than enough evidence to warrant energetic proceedings. Meanwhile, it is to be noted that the Blind Aid Society has not as yet deposited a copy of its Rules, as required by the Friendly Societies' Act, nor, although ostensibly collecting on behalf of blinded soldiers and sailors, has it been registered under the War Charities' Act. How much longer is this wretched ramp to continue? It is a gross scandal that the fountain of charity should be befouled when every penny which can be spared is so urgently needed by the helpless and deserving poor.

## UNWANTED POTATOES.

### BUT FARMERS STILL IMPLORED TO PLANT MORE.

Mr. Lloyd George says we ought to grow more potatoes. And he's quite right. But what about all the extra potatoes that have already been grown, and are now piled up and sprouting merrily round about the potato patches? Ought not the Premier to tell his young men of the Food Department to market the goods? On a farm near Kenilworth there is £600 worth of potatoes. They have been there quite a long time. The farmer has written again and again asking to be allowed to sell them, and has had no reply. Without official permission he cannot sell one spud. He cannot even use one for his own private consumption without keeping an account of it. So there the potatoes lie. What's the game?

Here is another case: Round Downham there are scores of smallholders who have diligently planted potatoes, and garnered a comfortable crop. The crop is there, in heaps ranging from five to fifty tons, and going to blazes. Nevertheless, a large grower in the neighbourhood is able, with the help of the Ministry for Food, to get rid of thousands of tons. Why doesn't the Ministry help the smallholders, too? Locally there are no purchasers to be had. But when food is so short, is all this valuable food to go to waste for the want of a little attention? If something is not done at once, not only will this crop be wasted, but the next potato crop will be smaller, for many smallholders are arranging to plant fewer potatoes and more barley. Nevertheless, all the while the high potentates commend the potato to the kindly care of the farmer, and implore him to plant more. Are the Food Officials mad, or silly, or worse?

# HAIG'S TRAP FO

## TAILS UP!—ALL CALM AT HOME—THE C

By THE EDITO

WHEN a great battle is raging, when mighty armies are at death-grips, and the result of the conflict is hanging in the balance, and one is writing several days in advance of the date of publication, the prudent course is to look at matters from the point of view of victory on either side. I mean, of course temporary victory—for if the Germans were in Calais or Paris to-day, or both, that would not mean the end of the war. In one sense, it might mean its true beginning; for, assuredly, then, every branch of the Anglo-Saxon and the Latin races would unite, in one great League of Liberation, to save Europe from being overrun by the Teuton hordes. But it is idle to close one's eyes to the fact that at the moment the enemy has succeeded in getting first run in the West. Amiens, the gate to Calais and to Paris, is clearly menaced; and its civilian population has already had the warning to get away. Amiens! Only a few months ago I broke my tour of the battle area there, after visiting Albert, the Somme battlefield, and Baupaume—and as I sat in a famous restaurant—the first I had seen for a week—I congratulated the proprietor upon the escape of the old city from the ravages of the Hun! And now it is in peril. May the Good Lord preserve it! But war is war, and, like many other places of beauty in fair France, it may be doomed to desecration.

### Haig's Trap for the Hun.

Well, if they *do* get to Amiens—what about it? Does it necessarily follow that they will reach either Paris or the coast? I think not. By that time their strength must surely have become well-nigh spent—whilst I cannot doubt that Generalissimo Foch is keeping a big army in reserve to meet such a contingency. And every day should bring American reinforcements on the scene. I confess that I wish they were coming over a bit faster, and that they who are over were being sent into the line with a little more hustle—but what do I know about such things? I confess, too, that I wish the Prime Minister would not send out public S.O.S. signals to President Wilson; it would appear to my lay mind to be better tactics to mark such messages "Private." But, again, I may be wrong. Still, let us assume that the enemy breaks through, and that Amiens falls. He will then probably make straight for Paris—for the moral effect of the capitulation of the French capital would far exceed any advantage to be gained by the capture of Calais—where our naval guns would soon have something to say. How far Paris is prepared to resist either an assault or a siege I do not profess to know; but I can't believe that by the time the Kaiser's forces reached her gates, the Allied armies, strengthened by American Divisions, would not be marching upon their flank. And I don't fancy they are likely to fall into that trap. On the other hand, if they make for Calais or Boulogne, the time will have arrived when we shall have to put all punctillio on one side, and, in the best interests of France, place Calais and Boulogne *hors de combat* (they can easily be rebuilt after the war). And then the enemy, in his retirement, will still find himself confronted with the Anglo-American army. So that, altogether, I am disposed to think that if the Kaiser *does* get to Amiens, he won't be much better off. And who shall say that Haig has not such a trap for the Hun?

### The Only Danger.

But here comes the real danger. Will the civilian population, and will the politicians, "stick it"? I feel that I can trust the former, but I am dreadfully apprehensive of the politician. I fear that the fall of Amiens might be made the pretext for an armistice and a hurried Peace Conference—and then the temporary check would, indeed, have proved a disaster. Once get the Mediocrities of Downing Street round the table with Hindenburg and Kuhlmann, and the game would be up. It would be like a four-handed game of poker. Our representatives would be "raised" and bluffed all the time; and they would never have the pluck to make it "one better"—to say nothing of "seeing" them. And they would come home, with eyes upturned to heaven and haloes round their heads, with a pious Treaty in their pockets—full of texts about the Rights of Nations, Disarmament and all the rest of it—acclaimed by the *Daily News* as our "great Plenipotentiaries," and by the City Temple as Crusaders of the Lord! And all the while Hindenburg, Kuhlmann, and the Kaiser would be getting drunk on Liebfraumilch, and singing "*Deutschland, Deutschland—über Alles!*" Yes, *that* is the danger. And how can we guard against it? Only in one way—by making it clear to the Government that we do not mean to allow the blood of our dearest and best to have been spilled in vain; by making them understand that, having gone into this ghastly business, we mean to see it through—right through to the very finish. We might not have been able to talk like that a year ago—but to-day, if necessary, it can be the Anglo-Saxon race against the world! To sum up the situation, therefore, I say that if they get to Amiens, they will probably never get to either Paris or the Coast—and that they will certainly not get to London. Don't listen to this invasion nonsense. I sometimes wish we *would* let 50,000 Germans land. We are very short of pig food. Besides, why shouldn't the Volunteer and the other Home Forces have a look in? They would, I am sure, give a good account of themselves.

### All Calm at Home.

Meanwhile all at home is calm. The serious aspect which has suddenly come over the position in the West has acted as a wonderful tonic. We were beginning to think that nothing was doing—that there was no hurry. We were even closing down munition factories—some genius at Whitehall having discovered that we had ample shot and shell and guns for any emergency. And then the men and women were implored to work through Easter! Verily it does look as though that man was right who said we *must* win the war—because we have done our best throughout to lose it! And we are hearing no more of strikes. It's as well we are not, for the people are in no mood to tolerate any nonsense just now. And, thank goodness, Parliament isn't sitting, and the Government is thus free from pacifist embarrassment. And the heart of the nation is sound to the core. Listen to the talk—in train, and 'bus and in the tram. Let some of our Ministers mix with the folk in these places. They will hear nothing about Peace or Compromise. They will find that the people look to-day for a Government which will govern. And if it be true that "a nation gets the Government it deserves," the British people would be governed at this juncture by a Ministry of All the Virtues—which, I fancy, it is not. Yet the Cabinet will be no better than poltroons should they fail to rise to the height of this great emergency. In this hour of peril the nation cries out for leadership—stern, resolute, unflinching leadership. All sections of the people evince an unshakable patriotism, an eagerness for service, a zeal for sacrifice, of which the Government cannot ask too much. As soon as Parliament meets, Ministers must be in a position to produce measures for mustering the whole man-power of the nation, for filling the gaps in the fighting ranks—for raising our reserves of both men and munitions to the limit of any possible necessity, no matter how long the struggle may endure. If necessary, there must be a further "comb out," especially of the non-essential industries, and this time I am sure there will be no factious opposition. In the skilled trades there may have to be further "dilution," and with last week's events in mind, surely no Trade Union "leaders" will commit the crime of obstruction—which is blood-red treason to the boys in France. The Volunteer Force must be placed upon a war footing and held in readiness for any possible surprise. Anything and everything must be done which will strengthen our arm for the smashing blows to be delivered when, in conjunction with our French and American Allies, we have found that vantage ground which, in due season, is sure to come. We are not unaccustomed to early reverses—we seem to invite them. But things to-day have never reached the intensity of Mons and the Marne, and what we did then we can do again.

### Tails Up!

Then why worry? There must always be the inevitable accidents and fortunes of war; but there is one axiom which finds no place in the German text-books—*the British soldier is never beaten.* That living line may bend, but it cannot break. Its yielding is but the resilience of tempered steel, and as on a hundred great occasions since our heroes took the field, the moment of threatened fracture

# FOR THE HUN.

## HE ONLY DANGER—LABOUR, BEWARE!

*EDITOR.*

is often the instant of victorious rebound. Listen to how they feel at the Front. Here is a letter from a distinguished Colonel—it speaks for itself; and it conveys a magnificent message to us all:

> Things are humming here, and you are likely to have very startling news, but I want you to believe and to make everyone else believe that *there is nothing at all to be alarmed about.* We may have to give a bit of ground—that is nothing. *For every yard of ground the Boche takes he pays, and pays dearly.* During the past five days he has had over 200,000 killed and wounded. We are in a very strong position, and all our men have got their tails right up. We are having a hard time and likely to have harder times, but we are all right, and the Boche will soon get sick of heaping and hurling dense masses of troops in front of our machine guns. Why—in one place where our men counter-attacked two days ago, they had to climb over heaps of German dead and dying. It was worse than getting over wire. I think that the finish of the war is quite near. I feel that the Boche will get such a mopping up if he continues his present system of attack that he will not be able—in spite of his enormous reserves—to stand the heavy depletion of his strength. There is only one chance of our being beaten, and that is, if the people at home get their tail-down. Now, old boy—you and many another sportsman can do just as good work in England as we are trying to do here. *Make people keep their tails up. Things are all right.* If you hear a man grousing, give him a damned good telling off. We are certain to win if the people at home hang on tightly. I got certain orders last night which I will be acting on to-morrow. Nobody knows what will happen. It may be my turn to go under. One cannot tell. I feel very happy. My men are fit and well and they adore me. They are sure to give a good account of themselves, so what more can any man desire? I think the British soldier (and when I say British I include Australians, Africans and Canadians) is the finest work of God. I only wish that I was as good a man as some of my men. They are wonderful. That is about all I have to tell you, old boy. *If you have anything good for Manchester, put me on a fiver.*

Think of the human touch of that last sentence. Wonderful soldiers! Tails up, all the time!

### Let Labour Beware.

And now a word about the Labour situation—which, in some ways, may prove the crux of the position. Now, as I have said more than once, it is no part of my business to lecture the working men, who have already shown so much self-sacrifice and fine feeling. But I do consider it my duty to warn them of the kind of influence which is continually and secretly operating to make trouble at home and so help the enemy in the field. Take two of the most recent bothers—that in the munition works at Leeds and the one at the Vulcan Motor Works—and then consider the characters and the antecedents of the men who either engineered or fomented the dispute. When you realise that in the one case a young man of military age and of German lineage was the devil in the wood pile, and that in the other a person named Murphy, a declared revolutionary, was the main-spring of all the trouble, you can begin to understand the kind of influence which, at a time when our splendid fellows are holding up the murderous onslaughts of the Hun would stop the production of those very engines of warfare without which our soldiers would be overwhelmed and crushed by the enemy of mankind. I have made careful inquiries into these two disputes, and I say unhesitatingly that if the workmen of the country allow their splendid patriotism to be corrupted by such men, then all for which their sons and brothers—yes, and in not a few cases their fathers—are fighting and suffering would be irretrievably lost. The real name of this young man of the Leeds factory—a Shop Steward who has caused so much trouble—is not Shew, but Sheu. I have before me a copy of his birth certificate, which gives the date of his birth as September 6th, 1893, and the place Wortley. His grandfather was a German from Wurtemberg, and if conduct suggests the direction of one's sympathies, then it is not difficult to see his game. At a time when discipline is necessary just as much in the ordnance factory as in the front trench, this insolent agitator absented himself without permission and without giving satisfactory explanations; and because those in authority dismissed him there was at once a cry of victimisation and a stoppage of work. Thousands of hands were involved in the dispute, either by active participation, or by inability to carry on their labours. It is true that there was another cause of dispute, but this man of the German name and lineage was the main cause of all the trouble.

### A Fomenter of Trouble.

What were the facts in the Vulcan Works? Again it began with the failure of an agitator to "play the game"—to do his work like any decent man and so help by showing an individual sense of responsibility, to maintain proper discipline. Murphy was dismissed for slacking, and a strike resulted—just what he most ardently desired; for this man's avowed object is to create a class war, to secure what he is pleased to call the "control of industry," to oppose any alliance between Capital and Labour—the ardent desire of every patriotic man—and generally to foment war at home in this hour of the Empire's agony and peril. He is one of a miserable band of revolutionaries who ridiculed the appeal by the Government during the Barrow strike, when shells for the Navy were urgently required, and declared that "the war was no concern of theirs," and one of the same miserable gang who have publicly proclaimed their desire to induce the Government to discuss "peace" with the creatures in Petrograd who have sold Russia to the common foe. Wherever there are labour troubles—on the Clyde, in Leeds in Sheffield (I could name many other places), Murphys, or men of his despicable type, have been the wicked agents of discontent, the provokers of strife leading to a stoppage of work, with the consequent loss of munitions. This is what Murphy told the engineers of Sheffield: "I work in a munition factory because it suits me, and because I think that I can work better there to bring about the revolution that must ultimately come, but I do not believe in the continuance of the present war. *All my influence will be thrown against it.*" And that is the man with whom honest British workmen are asked to sympathise! Surely they can see through the dirty game of these Syndicalists, these creatures who are ready to exploit the just demands and honest aspirations of Labour for the furtherance of revolutionary schemes which, if successful, would find this country, like Russia, lying crushed and bleeding under the heel of the Hohenzollern. I am one of those who look forward to what I have called the marriage of Capital and Labour—who see in close co-operation and mutual confidence the best safeguard for the industrial future of the country. And if I have any influence with the working men of Great Britain, I shall spend my every energy in combating the wicked designs of these criminals or madmen. They would plunge us into civil war and break down that splendid spirit of patriotism which had enabled us to make up for the awful mistakes of the politicians by supplying the fighting man with all he needs.

### Those Lost Munition Dumps.

It is worse than futile—it is wicked—to hide from the men and women who have toiled so splendidly in shipyard and factory, the true facts of the present peril. Just as Ministers have at last had the courage and common sense to tell the truth about the boats sunk by submarines, so they should proclaim from one end of the country to the other the actual facts of our loss of material in the great contest now being waged for a final decision on the Western Front. For some time many of us have known of the immense sacrifice of huge munition dumps involved in that retreat before the onrush of the overwhelming forces. Wasn't the possibility of such a retreat ever contemplated? Mr. Bonar Law I know told the House of Commons less than a month ago that he was "still a little sceptical about an offensive," so I suppose, so far as that statesman is concerned, this stupendous German attack did not enter his calculations, if he ever took the trouble to make any, in regard to munitions and "every possible contingency." But some of us know how vital is the need for every shell—and every ship, too—that the hands of willing and patriotic workers can produce. And so I repeat, let Labour beware of the malicious and malign influences which seek to weaken our power of production and betray the men who are standing between us and the great Criminal of the World. I call upon every decent, honest working man to-day to take his coat off and help to defeat the foes of God and man.

# HEARD IN THE TRAIN.

### THE PESSIMISTIC PEST.

Long-faced Party (*throwing evening paper aside*): Well, I'm blest if I like the look of it.

Cheery One: The look of what, sir?

L.-F. Party: Why, the Western Front.

Cheery One: When did you last see it, sir?

L.-F. Party: See it? I'm not talking about *seeing* it, I'm ——

Cheery One: But I understood you to say you didn't like the look of it. If you haven't seen it, how do you know what it looks like?

L.-F. Party: I presume you're trying to be funny, sir.

Cheery One: Not so much funny, sir, as merry and bright. It's up to us to keep our pecker up just now, sir. Gloomy thoughts and fears re-act on the lads in the fighting line.

L.-F. Party: Bah! That is merely silly sentiment. All the cheery thinking in the world will not alter adverse circumstances. I prefer to face facts, however ugly, rather than try to deceive myself. The German offensive has thrown the British Army back, has it not?

Cheery One: Well, we certainly *have* retired before the German onslaught, but ——

L.-F. Party: One moment. We have lost thousands of prisoners, hundreds of tanks and scores of guns, have we not?

Cheery One: Certainly, we have had our losses. They are inevitable in operations of that kind. But ——

L.-F. Party: Just a minute. The Germans are something like forty miles nearer Paris than they were on the day they opened their offensive, are they not?

Cheery One: It is possible for them to be near r, and yet as far off as ever. Von Kluck —

L.-F. Party: Please allow me to finish. Paris is being bombarded with a German gun, is it not?

Cheery One: So it is reported. But ——

L.-F. Party: Where do you think that gun is being fired from?

Cheery One: How the deuce should I know? I understand the French aviators are hunting for it, and when they find it, it will receive suitable attention.

L.-F. Party: *I* can tell you where it is being fired from. It is hidden in the woods within three miles of Paris, and is being worked by German spies.

Cheery One: Upon my soul, sir, you've quite relieved my mind. I was beginning to think you were an intelligent, though somewhat pessimistic person, who, having given serious thought to the situation, could see no grounds for hopefulness. But what you tell me about the gun that's bombarding Paris lifts a great weight off my mind.

L.-F. Party: How so?

Cheery One: From the way you spoke I thought you were a thoughtful person whose opinions carried weight. But what you tell me about this German gun within three miles of Paris shows me that you are only a——er——a——.

L.-F. Party: A *what*, sir?

Cheery One: Well, a pessimistic pest and a long-faced lunatic combined. People like you ought to be suppressed for the duration. I believe there is some provision in D.O.R.A. for dealing with your sort.

L.-F. Party: How dare you call me a long-faced luna ——?

Cheery One: How dare you try to depress the spirits of a British subject with your cock-and-bull yarns? If you can't buck us up, shut up. Just shift your legs, please. I get out here.

## PRINTER'S PIE.

*(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie")*

"Daily Telegraph" (advertisement):—
"Clerk Wanted immediately (Male) to help doctor military forms."

"Brighouse Free Press" (advertisement):—
"The Employees of Messrs. —— and —— will hold a Grand Whist Drive and Fancy Dress Ball (Dress Optional) on Saturday, March 30th."

"Bury Times" (advertisement):—
"If you want a good dog, call to see me."

"Ipswich Star and Daily Herald":—
"Tight British soldiers who have escaped from prison camps in Germany, have arrived."

"Newcastle Evening Chronicle" (advertisement):
"Pomeranian Bitch, white eyes of different colour (blue and brown) Lost."

"Lloyd's Weekly News":—
"A committee of experts is to sit on the Chinese liquid eggs."

"Mountain Ash and Miskin Parish Magazine":—
"We should be glad to hear of any fresh cases of sickness not on our list."

"Liverpool Echo" (advertisement):—
"Lady wishes to Purchase a reasonable piano."

"Strand Magazine":—
"'I'll be glad if you get him,' she said at last, and reached out and touched his shoulder with a faint smile."

"Chester Chronicle":—
"The President is giving a prize of £10 for the best six cows in a herd. . . . The judges will take into consideration their beef producing capabilities."

"Daily Dispatch":—
"She (Germany) does not mind the opinion of the world at all, and our opinion less than that."


# BRAIN MAGIC.

## Income Increased 300%.

Are you "pelmanising"?

Have you read, or heard, or thought about the wonderful "brain-growing" method that is creating such a sensation by its almost magical results?

Everybody, from Royalty downwards, is busily "pelmanising" and praising the system. The sooner you begin to "pelmanise" the better for your pocket and your prospects.

The first "pelmanist" I ever met was a Serbian army officer in the wilds of Macedonia. Not even the horrors of the Great Retreat had parted him from his treasured Pelman books; he had carried and studied them throughout the whole campaign.

That was months ago. Since then I have found hundreds—thousands—of "pelmanists" in the British and French armies, and it is an open secret that the officers of our smartest battleships and cruisers are enthusiastic "pelmanists." So are eighty British admirals and generals as well as over 20,000 other officers and men.

A system which evokes *voluntary* testimony from every class is well worth investigation. Who can *afford* to hold aloof from a movement which is steadily gaining the support of all the ambitious and progressive elements in the Empire? In two consecutive days recently two M.P.'s and a member of the Upper House enrolled. In the Pelman Register there are British Consuls, H.M. Judges, War Office, Admiralty, and other Government officials, University Graduates, Students, Tutors, Headmasters, Scientists, Clergymen, Architects, Doctors, Solicitors, Barristers, Authors, Editors, Journalists, Artists, Actors, Accountants, Business Directors and Managers, Bankers, Financiers, Peers, Peeresses, and men and women of wealth and leisure, as well as Salesmen, Clerks, Typists, Tradesmen, Engineers, Artisans, Farmers, and others.

A member of the House of Lords goes so far as to say that the Pelman System should be included in our national scheme of education; and this view is warmly endorsed by Mr. Bottomley, the editor of "John Bull." "A Pelman-trained nation would be irresistible," wrote another well-known journalist.

Most people reckon themselves well off if they can earn £1 or £2 a day, but there is one man who tells how he added £145 to his income as the result of 72 hours' work.

He became a "pelmanist." The average time for the study is about 6 hours a week—an hour each day. That means 72 hours (3 days of 24 hours) for the whole course of lessons, which, as he writes, resulted in an increase of £145 in his salary, besides other advantages.

"But what is this Pelman System and what does it do?" asks the reader. Well, it is a system which does even more for the brain than scientific physical culture does for the muscles of the body. Far more. By a series of short, simple, and delightfully fascinating exercises, the brain is drilled and developed to a marvellous extent, doubling and trebling the "pelmanist's" capabilities and his or her (for there are thousands of women "pelmanists") *income*. Letters are daily received at the Pelman Institute telling of 100 per cent., 200 per cent., and even 300 per cent. increases of income resulting directly from "pelmanising." And, these, remember, include men and women of all vocations—clerks, typists, shop assistants, artisans, merchants, managers, directors, journalists, doctors, musicians, clergymen, lawyers, authors and actors.

In fact it is clearly proved that "pelmanising" means that in a few weeks, by practising for a few minutes daily, anyone can open up the road to Fortune, success, and even wealth and fame.

"Pelmanism" is fully explained in an interesting book which every reader of "John Bull" should at once get and read. It is called "Mind and Memory," and can be secured gratis and post free by writing to-day to The Pelman Institute, 15, Wenham House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.

Write to-day for a copy, and take "The Road to Success" (as "Truth" christened it). It will be the wisest and most profitable act of your life—a step which will lead to greater prosperity for you, as it has already done in the case of the 250,000 "pelmanists" now practising this wonderful system in all parts of the Empire, and by its aid achieving success in all the arts of "Peace and War."

# "TOMMY AND JACK."

*(Dealing also with the discharged sailor and soldier and their dependents, in co-operation with the National Federation of Discharged and Demobilised Sailors and Soldiers.)*

**OUR PLEDGE:** "No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—*Horatio Bottomley*, 10th August, 1916.

## "TOMMY."

**The Forty Thieves:**—There is a barrage of thieves and their friends at Ripon Camp, packets and boxes of cigarettes being the robbers' favourite loot. It should be possible to lay by the heels at least some of those pilferers.

**Dorsets and Rupees:**—The Dorsets at Bangalore for four months have only been drawing one rupee a week. There appears also to be an epidemic of alleged debt in the Battalion which the men cannot understand. Who will inquire?

**Room for Improvement:**—When Tommy arrives in London on leave on a Saturday, he has to wait until Monday for his food coupons, and has thus to tighten his belt by a few holes. Some improvement might be made at the Food Controller's Offices in regard to this matter.

**An Unfair Distinction:**—Junior Officers of the line are now allowed £2 for each child up to four in number, but the Medical Officers get only half this rate for their children. In most cases the doctors have sacrificed more or less valuable practices and given their services—so the regulation seems to be very unfair.

**Tommy and the War Loan:**—Thousands whose bounties have been placed in the War Loan against their wishes are rather anxious to know how they can prove that the money invested is theirs, as no scrip is given. When they inquire they are told that they will receive the amount when the war ends. Some tangible guarantee should certainly be given in the matter.

**Good for the Knuts:**—The General Officer commanding the Brigade at Roorkee has issued an Order complaining that Officers in mufti are not saluted, and expressing the opinion that it would be better to make a mistake and salute a civilian than overlook the subaltern in plain clothes—who, however, may be merely out for pleasure. We are sure that the knuts are immensely pleased.

**Pity Poor Tommy!**—Orders at the Command Depot at Alnwick state:—"Men falling out on route marches, not excused by the Medical Officer, will be confined to camp for fourteen days; also men falling out and being excused by the Medical Officer will be confined to camp each day, with the exception of Friday and Saturday, when they will be allowed out until 5 o'clock until they have completed a route march." This appears to deserve the attention of "higher authority."

**The Punishment and the Crime:**—A Bombardier of a Field Battery at Quetta recently got seven days' C. B., and reduction to gunner, for being half-an-hour absent. A brother Bombardier was tried by the same officer for having been absent from barracks all night, striking a superior officer, and being drunk; he was let off with a slight wigging. Such is the administration of Military Law!

**"Polish and Spittle":**—The Director of Parks and Depots inspected the R.F.C. at Coventry, and issued a strong Order, complaining that the sheds were in a filthy condition, that empty cans and grease were lying about in every direction, and that the discipline of the Park was in an "appalling state." As a matter of fact, the men are working at high pressure to keep up their output, and it was necessary for the grease to be where it was. As for the "appalling" state of discipline, the brass hat appears to have been rattled by the fact that the busily-employed men did not immediately spring to attention and salute him as he passed.

**Where is the Paper Controller?**—There is a great dearth of paper at the present time, and we think it must be largely due to the shortcomings of Chelsea. A discharged man sends an inquiry in January concerning his pension. He gets in reply a buff slip assuring him that his case will receive attention. In February, March, and April and nearly each month till the following December, he sends the same inquiry, and gets the same stereotyped form of acknowledgment. We are out to do our best to remedy this disgraceful state of affairs. Many of our discharged men and their dependents are left to starve while the Pensions Department at Chelsea are thus "considering."

## "JACK."

**Admiralty Meanness:**—We are sorry to receive letters from Minesweepers and men on other small craft, telling us that, when they pick up torpedoed crews and give them their food and clothing they are not compensated for their generosity by the Admiralty. Jack's pay and victualling allowances will not stand the strain of this abominable meanness.

**The Seven Skippers:**—Seven skippers of small craft at Troon, in September last clubbed together at the suggestion of the C. O. and bought a trawl—the arrangement being that when the catch paid for it the money should be given back. As the trawl has recouped the expense over and over again, some of the skippers think it is about time the amount should be divided. Perhaps the C. O. will take the hint

## "THE SILVER BADGERS."

**Our Intentions:**—We intend week by week to talk about the grievances of our discharged fighting lads, and we shall leave no doubt as to our meaning—especially when we address "a few words" to the highly-paid persons who are supposed to look after the men's interests, but with a "you-be-damned" air leave them and their wives and little kiddies to sink or swim.

**Send Him on Service:**—We fully agree with the discharged sailors and soldiers at Worksop who recently passed a resolution against the employment of Mr. H. O. O. Pepper as the Executive Officer of the Worksop Food Control Committee, at a salary of £200 a year, on the grounds that he is of military age and exempted by the Local Tribunal; and we strongly demand that a man, older and more experienced, be appointed—a disabled soldier or sailor for preference.

**The Wrong Men:**—Nor can we congratulate the Stockport Pensions Committee on their recent appointments. They had an opportunity of electing the Hon. Secretary and Assistant Secretary of the local branch Federation, but refused to avail themselves of it. If Pension Committees really desire to see justice done to the discharged soldier, they should work in close co-operation with the Federation.

**An Answer to Inquiries:**—Numerous correspondents ask for the address of the National Federation of Discharged and Demobilised Sailors and Soldiers. The Headquarters are at Parliament Mansions, Victoria Street, S.W., where all information in regard to the activities of the Federation on behalf of ex-soldiers and sailors can be obtained.

**The Movement Spreads:**—The Federation is growing with wonderful rapidity. A Welsh National Federation is now in course of promotion, and we are sure that the gallant lads of the Principality will give it their full support.

**Lest We Forget:**—That is an excellent idea to hold a drumhead service in Victoria Park, Hackney, on Sunday afternoon, April 14th, in memory of comrades who have fallen, and to commemorate the anniversary of the Federation. The Bishop of Stepney will officiate, assisted by the Vicar of Hackney. There will be a firing party, and the "Last Post" will be sounded by the Hackney Volunteers.

**Do It Now:**—Mr. Hodge is on the stump upon what will be done after the war for our discharged men. When we read our mass of complaints concerning their pensions from discharged soldiers and sailors, we *do* wonder what he means by thus absenting himself from his department, instead of remaining there and doing his best to have it placed on a business footing.

# "THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

*(Registered under the Act of 1916 as "The John Bull War Sufferers' Fund.")*

*This fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.*

Among the numerous cases we assisted during the week were the following:—

**A Hard Case:**—An ex-soldier—with seven children, the eldest sixteen—has a youngster dangerously ill in an institution, and the funds of the family would not permit of a visit. The poor fellow also found his pension inadequate for their daily needs, and was depressed at the thought of the future. Things are now brighter for them.

**Death—and Destitution:**—Debts had accumulated owing to the illness and subsequent death of a soldier's little son. The remaining two children were lacking the necessities of life, so the worried mother was compelled to appeal to us for some ready cash.

**Jack's Anxiety.**—A bluejacket wrote us from hospital. He is to undergo an operation, and is somewhat anxious as to the issue. His foremost thought, however, was of the needs of his wife and little ones, who were pressed for the wherewithal to purchase food, pending the reissue of allotment.

**Passing Sad:**—The wife of a man who has been serving for three years has made herself ill through long nursing of her only child, a sicken to death. After the passing of the little one, the poor woman utterly broke down, and had to place herself in the care of the doctor, who recommended her as a case deserving of our consideration

**Tommy's Sad Surprise:**—A soldier returned home to see his father, who was seriously ill. On reaching the sick bed he found the poor old man's condition aggravated by the want of special diet, which could not be purchased. Tommy's pocket was none too well filled, so he asked immediate help—which, of course, was quickly given.

**Some Other Cases:**—Ex-soldier waiting for pension. Wife and two children dependent on him.

Wife of late Sgt.-Major, with four orphans, in difficulties.

Widow's only son and former support called up. The mother not able to work through rheumatism.

## SUBSCRIPTIONS.

M. H. (Leyton), 2s. 6d. and parcel; C. B. (Alberta), 10s.; W. E. S. (Snaith), 5s.; E. B., 1s.; "Mother and Daughter," 5s.; L. B., 2s. 6d.; Mrs. F. S. B. (Pretoria), 5s.; "A Competitor" (Tottenham), 2s. 6d.; J. S. B. (Sheffield), 5s.; Mrs. W. B., 1s. 1d.; W. J. D., 3s.; R. R. (Weybridge), £1; "Mother of Two Tommies" (Hereford), 2s.; J. M. C. (Sunderland), 6d.; H. R. (Southport), 1s. 6d.; Mrs. A. H. (Manchester), 2s.; "Salisbury," 10s.; "Old Veteran, 24th P.O. Rifles," 1s.; J. D. B. F., 1s.; Mrs. J. B. T. (Gillingham), 12s.; "S. Ealing Reader," 6d.; F. H. (Colchester), 6d.; C. N. E., £1; C. Sgt. W. A. P., 6s. 8d.; "Blunt" (Aberdeen), 4s. 6d.; E. M. (Madeira), 9s. 3d.; Sapper S. (A.I.F.), 1s.; Guine Dept., V.E.C., Croydon (per F. B. T.), 16s. 6d.; Mrs. A. M. P., 2s. 6d.; B. B. A. A. L., 5s.; "Mons," £3 3s.; "Ausay Corporal," 2s. 6d.; "Taxi Driver 5272," 1s.; "One Who Has Experienced Foregone Facts," 1s.; "St. Patrick," 5s.; "A Few Lady Clerks from Ministry of Munitions," 10s.; "Returning to France," £1; R. P. H. (Roker), 10s.; V. C. (Peckham), 5s.; T. H. (Tingley), 5s.; "S. Ealing Reader," 1s.; Wireless Staff, Bombay" (per J. A. R.) 4s. 10d.; H. D. (London, N.), £1 1s.; "Wino" (Bexhill), 2s. 6d.; J. R. A. (Bassett Wood), £10; Mrs. L. (Leeds), 2s.; H. H. (Mossley Hill), 2s.; W. Y., £5, Lieut. A. G. B., £1; J. S. (St. Boswells), 2s. 6d.; S. P. (Leominster), 1s.; N. M. (Scarborough) 1s.; "Mother, Auntie, Dorothy and Adeline," 4s., Cpl. H. B. 2s.; S. S. 2s. 6d.; "Ex-Sergt." 2s. 6d.; E. D. and B. H. R., 2s.; Proceeds of Smoking Concert, School of Musketry, Hythe, £4; R. M., 1s.; H. W. J. (Ockbrook), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. M. E. W., 2s. 6d.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; E. P. (Exbourne), 1s. 6d.; C. A. H. (Preston), 6d.; "John Ruskin, Sheffield, Band of Mercy," 13s.; Mrs. C. W. (Lincoln), 6d.; "Spokey's Bet," 1s.; J. D. D., 10s

## "The Morning Scrape"

Writing from Salonika a Soldier Dispenser says :—

"*A little while ago we had a spell of exceptionally cold weather. It was sometimes necessary to break the ice to get shaving water, so the morning scrape was* SOMETHING TO BE FUNKED. *But a little of McClinton's Shaving Cream (which gives a delightful lather and quickly softens the beard, even with ice-cold water), a few hurried strokes with the razor, followed by the application of McClinton's Toilet Cream—and what was once an ordeal is now a refreshing luxury.*"

Made entirely from pure vegetable oils and plant ash, no sting or burn is possible with McClinton's Shaving Soaps and Creams. Try them and prove that they are just made for YOU.

Hibernia, in Sticks. Exquisite, in Sticks.
Shaving Cream, in Pots or Tubes.

**McCLINTON'S Shaving Soaps & Cream**

Include in your next parcel a 3-Tablet Box of Colleen Soap; a Tube of Dental Cream; and a Tube or Pot of Toilet Cream.

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Please mention "John Bull" when writing for Lists.


## COMPANY MEETING.

### THE GREAT MILK AMALGAMATION.

#### The Farmers' Interests.

#### Offer to the Government.

Mr. Reginald Butler, chairman of the United Dairies Ltd. addressed a meeting convened by the Wilts United Dairies Ltd. of farmers and agriculturists, which was held recently at Gillingham, Dorset, under the presidency of Mr. Arthur Hiscock.

In the course of his speech Mr. Butler said: It had been suggested that the sole idea and intention of the amalgamation was the exploitation of the farmers; such a suggestion is, on the face of it, ridiculous. What purpose can United Dairies Limited expect to serve by such a short-sighted policy? This company—as its list of shareholders proves—is an investment which looks forward to a long-continued prosperity. It is essential to that prosperity for it to have a supply of milk—the larger the supply the better; if it does not treat the farmer—the producer—honourably, how can it expect to maintain its supplies? At the first annual general meeting of United Dairies Limited, as reported in the "Times" of Jan. 16, 1917, I said we were anxious to assist production, and I claim credit on behalf of its directors for having given a stimulus in the spring of 1916 by giving the lead in paying increased prices to the producer, which action was the means of maintaining a satisfactory supply of milk during the winter of 1916-1917.

You will remember that a wave of criticism of our policy passed through a section of the London evening Press in the summer of 1916, but that policy received its justification in the winter. At the same meeting (January 1917) I contrasted our methods for maintaining the milk supply with the treatment the pig was receiving; I referred to the value of that animal, and predicted the shortage. Was the prediction right or wrong? The milk supply has been maintained; where is the bacon?

Our policy is the antithesis of encouraging superfluous expenses; it is a policy of the elimination of such expenses, in the country as in London, and by that means provided for the producer a full and fair price, while we give consumers in London and other towns better milk at a reasonable cost. Surely that is sound and sane policy. Milk is an article the free consumption of which is in the national welfare. As a very perishable article it must be delivered under the best conditions, and to ensure those conditions every necessary expense must be incurred; but superfluous expense by the needless multiplication of the mere machinery of organisation for the sake of organisation may be claimed as almost a crime against the nation, especially at this time when so much depends upon the rising generation being built up physically robust.

Referring to the safeguarding of the Public Interest, Mr. Butler said that "If, in the opinion of the Government, a representative from the Board of Trade, or some other Government Department, should be on the board of United Dairies, then we would gladly welcome such an appointment."


**BUY YOUR OWN HOUSE**
We will show you how to purchase it for less than you are now paying in rent.
Booklet FREE from F.G.L.J.J.B
CITY LIFE ASSURANCE CO., LTD., ST. PAUL ST., LONDON, E.C.



## An Absolute Cure for TRENCH and SORE FEET

**Grasshopper Ointment Draws Out the Itching Pain and Inflammation with an effectiveness Unequalled by any other Preparation.**

Copy of letter received 20/3/1918 from Pte. W. Christy, No. 301578, Detachment 730 Labour Company, Platoon 4, A.P.O. 3, B.E.F., France :—

DEAR SIR,—Will you kindly forward me four boxes of Grasshopper Ointment; enclosed please find P.O. for 5s.

My feet have been so bad that I could scarcely walk, until my wife sent me a box of Grasshopper, and after using it a second time my feet got splendid, very much to the surprise of my comrades, several of whom are also suffering. I let them use some of mine which gave them the same result as it did to myself.

They have now asked me to send this order to you, hoping you will post it as soon as possible, as the Boys are anxiously waiting for it.—I remain, yours sincerely,
W. CHRISTY.

**Grasshopper** well rubbed into **Swollen** or **Sore Feet Draws** out the **Pain** and **Inflammation** with a promptitude and effectiveness which surpass all expectations. The swelling of the feet subsides, and it is again possible to walk without discomfort.

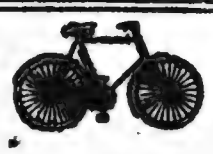
What **Grasshopper** does for swollen feet, it does in the case of other troubles caused by poisoned or diseased blood. It is of especial value in treating **Ulcers, Boils, Carbuncles, Piles, Bad Legs** and **Chilblains,** as it cures these maladies by drawing from the blood and tissue purulent matters which produce them. You are urged to refuse all substitutes and imitations.

Why not send a supply of **Grasshopper** to the lads in France or Flanders? The many applications which reach us from men on active service for boxes of the Ointment show that they have urgent need of it

**Grasshopper Ointment** may be had of Boots', Taylor's Drug Co., Timothy White's, Civil Service Stores, Army and Navy Stores, Lewis and Burrows', Bishop's Hoppell's, Harrod's, Parke's, Selfridge's, and other Stores and Chemists at 1/3 and 3/- a box, or direct, post free, from J. B. Albert, 73, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.



**BICYCLE CLEARANCE.**
Write for my bargain lists of Premiers, Humbers, Swifts, Rovers, &c., from £7 19s. 6d. cas. (Maker's price £11 17s.). George King, Ltd., Coventry.



**FALSE TEETH BOUGHT**
Cash or offer by return; before selling make sure of their value by writing for free booklet, which explains very clearly the value of any artificial teeth.
Kindly mention "John Bull."
H. LEWIS, 29, London St., Southport, Lancs.


# "John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[*The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 93, Long Acre, W.C. 2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL *and* SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and, except in the case of the last named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. Full names and addresses should be given.*

E. G. W. (Bishop Auckland).—"Sometimes, you know, I think you are a little too hard on good men." Perhaps a little too soft on bad ones also.

R. A. (Widnes).—"Only 2d.? It may be news to you that I have often paid 1s. 6d. for you in ports abroad, and have always found you worth it." For compliment thanks; but the man who profiteered you ought to be whipped.

W. McV. (Langholme).—"I want to commend you for your great mind, your great actions, and your great pen." We want to commend you for your great discernment.

M. M. (Ilkley).—Brighter days are coming. Meanwhile don't lose that merry little twinkle in your eye.

"SCOTTY" (B.E.F.).—"Three years' active service and I am fed up. Everybody is; but we'll go through till Fritz is smashed up." God sustain that spirit in all the boys!

J. M. J. (London, N.).—You are a shade long in the wind, although your Redmond reminiscences are interesting. "Take him for all in all, he was a man."

"NEMO" (Prestwick).—"Kindly tell me whether JOHN BULL ever promised a shilling——." Napoo!

A. N. (Stockwell).—Sorry to number "a dirty scoundrel" among our readers. Still, perhaps—as you say—he may be touched to repentance by our winged words.

J. H. (Twickenham).—"I'll stick to your paper as long as I can read." And we'll stick to our readers as long as we can write.

"EN AMI" (Norwich).—Your ideas for smashing the Germans quite interesting, but at present a man called Haig has the job in hand.

J. C. B. (Monmouthshire).—"I was at home last week-end." So were we; so you needn't get Pharisaical.

F. H. (West Hartlepool).—During an air-raid you saw Specials "knocking people's doors to put their lights out." Probably they would have done better to squirt through the keyholes.

R. V. C. (Belfast).—Sorry cannot find space for your article in reply to our esteemed contributor. Some of these writing chaps get horribly crusty if they are answered back.

"JOCK."—"Why should German prisoners have 30oz. of meat while our boys prisoned in Germany are only allowed 5oz. sent from home? Is this a fair game or not?" Not.

I. G. M. (S. Kens.).—"Who is the individual who calls himself the Board of Education? This Board is purely an imaginary Board." No, we believe it is genuine wood.

"LOVER OF JUSTICE."—"Was it not the Kaiser's great ancestor who first looped the loop, as recorded in St. Luke, x. 18?" All the family have always been loopey.

"SLOPPY SMITH" (Harringay).—Surely, nowadays not many people argue that war is necessary to counteract over-population.

"DORA" (Surbiton).—You must mistake us for a fashion paper. In pre-war days golden hair could be had at 1s. 11d. a bottle.

"WARIMA" (Nottingham) knows a man who openly boasts that nobody will ration him. Not much to boast about, is it?

"PEGGY" (Poplar).—"I've just been having a good laugh over your Letter Bag. You're a dear old thing. Take a kiss; I wish I could give you real ones." Live in hope.

B. R. (Cheam), afflicted with a red nose, asks whether we can recommend him a cure. Depends whether the colour is due to indigestion.

K. T. (Exeter) has had a dream. "I looked up and saw a bull-dog suspended in mid air, and over its head was spelt 'Victory.'" Good dog!

W. J. F. (Glasgow).—You are "an inventor disgusted with the Government"—and there are lots like you. Also, isn't the Government disgusted with some of the inventors?

A. E. C. (Luton).—Twenty cigarettes, bought for 10d. in a canteen in Italy by a soldier, were marked, "With best wishes from the patrons of the Palladium, London." Another case of over-stocking, we suppose!

SAPPER W. N. (Mexboro').—"First thing to do is to clear out of the pits the men who sneaked down them after war started." The very first.

"A WAAC."—"Calling our officers 'ma'am' is disliked. Could not all officers be 'sir'?" Why not call them "Missis," or, if particularly nice, "Darling"?

C. H. (Leamington).—"Finding I possess literary tendencies——" We doubt whether the Craven Press, Strand, will much help you with a £1 11s. 6d. course of lessons.

"FORTY" (Hounslow).—At forty a man is either a fool or a physician. You don't strike us as a physician.

"CQUINO."—"Every true friend of Tommy and Jack ought to buy JOHN BULL, and even if the price goes up to sixpence," etc. But it shan't—that we promise you.

W. H. (Bow Churchyard, E.C.).—"He is in khaki." Thanks, though that isn't exactly a blazing clue.

"ANTI-SPY" (Newbury).—You seem to us to be suffering from cerebral confusion. Better see a vet.

J. S. (Cupar Angus).—"I have not the pen of a ready writer." Be that as it may, you have the modesty which is the note of genius.

"HOUSEWIFE" (Leeds) says that the war bread gives her indigestion. It gives us beans.

R. H. (Hull).—"If we do not at once get ready to repel all comers, we may have to put up in big letters 'Ichabod.'" Why big letters?

G. (Soho).—Better buy a JOHN BULL Pen; the one you write to us with suffers badly from the staggers.

W. B. (Kingston).—"Please don't publish this." As you rhyme "guilt" with "isn't" and "complaining" with "depraving," just bet your sweet life we won't.

"SOMEWHERE IN THE COUNTRY."—Keep a brave heart, girlie, although one man proved a beast. You will live down your trouble and win out.

J. M. (Portumna).—Too much whisky at the front for officers, and too cheap? That explains why they complain on leave that here there is too little, and that too dear.

M. A. B. (Camberwell).—You have reason to be indignant about the slanders on the W.A.A.Cs. They began, of course, with that wicked and nosy old firm, Stiggins & Co.

H. J. G. (Liverpool).—A merchant seaman and not in uniform, at Crewe station they would not serve you with a meat-pie because you did not "look like a sailor." It was shabby treatment, but the pie might have been still more Crewe-l to you.

"Soldier's Wife" (Hawick).—"Why should so many men get exemption because they are farmers' sons or farmers?" Perhaps because they can feed Britons better than they can fight Huns.

J. K. (Shepherd's Bush).—Battleships have been fitted with torpedo nets long years. As to fitting them to merchant ships, it is a technical question difficult for us to discuss.

M. L. P. (Bristol).—"In pre-war days I had a quart of beer every morn before breakfast." Too much for a drink—not enough for a bath.

"Pocka."—"God only knows what I have suffered." Except, of course, for the bit you've told us.

Miss E. M. R. (Worthing).—Tell the dear old lady that we have read her lines with interest, and say how proud and honoured we feel that she should think so kindly of us.

A. K. (Coventry).—If you go on in that strain, we shall be compelled to be rude to you. When next you feel angry, suck a peppermint.

"A Young Reader" (Swindon).—As a munition worker with previous good service in the Navy, you certainly have a right to any war bonus that is going. Upon what grounds is it refused?

J. M. (Openshaw).—We are a sturdy race. How's your poor feet?

H. C. (Ashlea). — "House-Parlour-maid. Three maids kept. Two in family. Mrs. Fitzgerald Cream, The Nook." *Crème de la crème.*

Mrs. A. W. P. (St. Leonards).—You have certainly made some funny figures. Is the middle one Mr. Asquith? If so, he must have got his hair cut.

H. C. B. (London, S.W.).—"No more intercourse with the Hun on any terms." The economic boycott, in fact, to the fullest extent war and peace can exact it.

S. E. (Can. C.C., Epsom).—If you have written about your invention to the Inventions Department and they have turned it down, you may as well turn it up.

"A Holder-Up's Wife" (Whitechapel).—"Hands off the shipyard workers' wages!" Take us for a pickpocket? Or a hold-up?

"A Few Belgian Soldiers" (Belgian Field Army).—Pleased to hear from you. We know what the real fighting Belgians are doing and have done—from the very beginning! Don't get wrong ideas in your heads.

M. L. B. (Matlock).—The argument against placing German officers on hospital ships is that a submarine might pop up and take them off (the ship not being armed) and sink the ship afterwards. That's why we suggest they should be armed.

"Pte. X. X." (R.A.M.C.).—You were "once a soldier, and now a Red Cross charwoman." Is your job so easy that you scream so shamefully against the nation? Write a decent letter, old son, and let's see what we can do.

H. K. H. (Claeton).—"I went to the café, and, seeing eggs, I asked for one, and was told to sit down." And none hatched out for you after all. Shame!

"Newwed" (Bedford) takes us for a cookery book. "How," she asks, "does one make bacon cake?" Might as well ask us how to pork pie.

J. E. M. (Essex Road, N.).—You take a long time to say a little, but with that little we are in entire agreement. There's encouragement.

M. W. P. (Rochdale).—So you think the big Insurance Companies should "stump up to their agents." Otherwise the agents will be "stumped."

J. H. E. (Tottenham).—Thanks for postcard, on which you seem to have had a fit of epilepsy. Drop us another as soon as you come round.

S. W. E. (Forest Gate).—"For over ten years I have felt inclined to write to you." Now you've done it.

Dr. L. A. A. (Zanzibar).—Thanks for interesting photos. Our greetings to all the boys.

"Regular Reader."—Months ago we insisted that the glass of the Crystal Palace should be painted or otherwise camouflaged.

J. H. C. (Plumstead).—If you are stone deaf, go back to your trade as military tailor by all means. You will be serving the country.

A. J. F. (Tooting).—Discharged from Ministry of Munitions because ill through shell-shock, while A1 shirkers remain there? Have you appealed to the Minister?

E. A. C. (Northampton).—"Am one of the Old Contemptibles, but won't distress you further with my horrid scrawl, result of wound in arm." Then, sir, it is most honourable penmanship.

W. G. (Glasgow).—We have shown up the "Dedles" Small Arms Co., of 39, Chancery Lane, W.C., and their precious "stupifying" 7s. 6d. pistol, several times. You should read John Bull with your eyes open.

O. M.—If we published particulars of the armament of H.M.S. *Elizabeth* we should probably be put on skilly rations.

J. N. (Sparkhill).—You're the four hundred-and-oneth man who has suggested an electric barrage against Germhun air raids. Impracticable.

"A Friend" (Chepstow).—You've got the idea about reprisals; one good turn deserves another, but one bad turn deserves two others.

W. A. W. (Birmingham) asserts that elderly men are put to the dirtiest, heaviest, and poorest paid jobs in munition works. Lots of growls on that score.

*(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)*


THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.

*We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in* John Bull, *i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns we will refund the purchase money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase. All communications should be addressed to* John Bull, *Advertising Department, 92, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.*



FOR OUR SOLDIERS.

To Defeat an Enemy that Sticketh Closer than a Brother.

Our soldiers are plagued by an enemy that sticketh closer than a brother. Bodily cleanliness is difficult where men are crowded together far from homes filled with h. & c. baths, and with regular laundrying conveniences.

There is one friendly ally that helps "Tommy" to have nights of rest and a mind free from the worry of undesirable live-stock.

That friendly ally is PARASITOX—in the handy form of a non-greasy stick. Rubbed over the underwear, in the seams of clothing, and in the sleeping quarters, it means rest and freedom from crawling, biting fleas, lice, bugs, and other "undesirable neighbours." In Italy, Palestine, Mesopotamia, East Africa, India, and other "hot stations," PARASITOX will also free the user from the painful and rest-disturbing and dangerous malaria and disease-infected mosquitoes and other deadly flies.

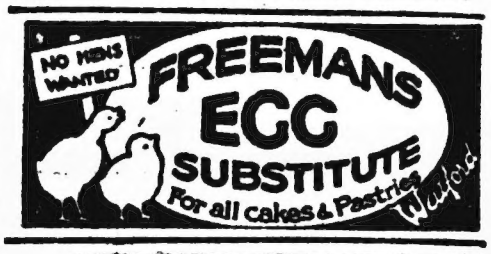
ON SALE AT ALL CANTEENS, 1/-

PARASITOX

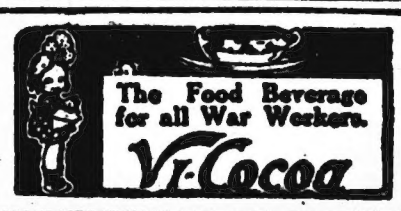
THE SOLDIER'S FRIEND PARA-S/-TOX

*Obtainable at All Principal Chemists and Stores; or from* Heppell's Pharmacies, 164, Piccadilly, and Branches










BUY BABY A Tripp

Folding PRAM.

Thousands of bonnie babies throughout the Kingdom owe their straight, strong, sturdy limbs and well-developed bodies to daily airings in the roomy and comfortable Tripp Pram.

Prices from 52/6

*Send P.C. for Tripp Booklets.*

Brown Brothers Ltd., Great Eastern St., E.C. 2. Deansgate, Manchester

Sold by all Pram Dealers, Stores, etc.

H. SAMUEL'S
FREE
BOOK OF MONEY SAVING BARGAINS
Send a postcard at once to H. Samuel for his BIG FREE BOOK OF 3,000 BARGAINS in Jewellery, Watches, Plate, etc., at next to Factory Prices that save pounds.
Write to-day
LUMINOUS WRIST WATCH.
Reliable, fully jewelled movement, accurate timekeeper, handsome Nickel case. 17/6
H. SAMUEL, LTD., 199, Market St., Manchester.


*Secretaries of Allotment Holders' Societies should write for prices for bulk orders.*

"The RITO smile."

READ THIS

Ewell Home Produce Society.

High Street, Ewell. Feb. 11th, 1918.

Gentlemen,

Please send me four bushels RITO to distribute among members of above Society.

That I had from you last year certainly did wonders to my Potato crop.

(Signed) Albert G. Hands.

You can get more food

from your Allotment and Garden by using

HORTICULTURAL

RITO

*(The energiser for soil bacteria)*

RITO marvellously increases all allotment and garden crops. If you have any difficulty in getting it from your corn-dealer or seedsman, send order direct to The Molassine Co., Ltd. (J. B. Dept.), Greenwich. Prices: 28 lbs, 8/-; 14 lbs., 4/4; carriage paid, cash with order. (Booklet with particulars for 1d. postage.)

RITO SUITS EVERYTHING THAT GROWS



FITZPATRICK

For Greatest Value in Cycle Goods, Vine New Volume, "EVERYTHING for the CYCLIST" FREE. SAVES YOU MONEY. Every possible want. No disappointments. Satisfaction Guaranteed. CYCLES (7 days' free trial). TYRES, TUBES, all Accessories. Send postcard. H. FITZPATRICK, Dept. 52

—BURNLEY.—



SHORTHAND IN 24 HOURS

Dutton's Shorthand is the simplest high-speed system in the world. There are only 6 rules and 29 characters to learn, and the complete theory can be acquired in 24 hours. That stage reached, practice only is necessary to gain a speed of 200 words per minute. Send stamp to-day for first lesson to Dutton's Business College, Room J, Skegness.

TRY FIRST LESSON



OUR NEW SELF-FILLING MODEL.

AS SOLD AT 15/-

Price. With 1 coupon 6/3 Post 3d.

*Additional coupons to the value of* 1/- will be accepted in part payment.



"JOHN BULL" Pen Coupon. Value 2d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O for 3s. and two penny stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 6 from "John Bull" from this date may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. Thus, you may send 7 coupons, and P.O. for 2s. only, and 2d. stamps for postage. DE LUXE MODEL 1s. EXTRA. Address, Pen Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C 2 *(April 6th, 1918.)*

P.O.'s should be made payable to John Bull, Ltd., and crossed & Co.,

*N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.*

Old coupons will be accepted at their face value—One Penny.

# 'Bullets'

**2ND Prize £25** | **1ST PRIZE £250** | **1ST PRIZE** | **3RD Prize £10**

| 10 PRIZES OF £5 | 10 PRIZES OF £2 10/- | 50 PRIZES OF 10/- | 400 PRIZES OF 5/- | 1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6 | 3,000 SPECIAL 'TARGET' PRIZES. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|

No. _____ Closing Date. Thursday April 11th.
Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(280) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.
If 1 coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.
Signed _____
Address _____

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 280, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope

No. _____ Closing Date, Thursday, April 11th.
Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(280) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.
If 2 coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.
Signed _____
Address _____

No. _____ Closing Date. Thursday, April 11th.
Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(280) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.
If 3 coupons are used P.O. for 1/6 must be sent.
Signed _____
Address _____

**SPECIAL RULE.** In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for **next week's** "Bullets" Competition **No. 281. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before THURSDAY, APRIL 18th.** Please note that all coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number 281 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons **MUST** be addressed "Bullets" **No. 281,** "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. **Such coupons MUST NOT** contain any of the Thirty-three Examples of the present week's competition.

**Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 281.**

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| WAR RECIPES | NEVER BEATEN | A FEARFUL LOT | SPRING CLEANING |
| ABOVE ALL | COLD SHOULDER | NO EASY JOB | LIGHTWEIGHT CHAMPION |
| SLICE OF LUCK | WASTING GAS | WHEN A MAN'S SINGLE | NEW COOK |
| MAKING THINGS HUM | MARRIED TOMMY | TROUBLE FOR NOTHING | WOMEN'S RIGHTS |
| THING OF THE PAST | MOST SENSATIONAL | EYES RIGHT | LEAVING HIM OUT |

**BULLETS RULES.** 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All three coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed _____ and Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

**LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 280.**

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| TERRIBLE RECKONING | BRITISH FLIERS | WEARING THEM OUT |
| RESTAURANT PRICES | OF NATIONAL IMPORTANCE | NOT ALL THERE |
| FINE DISPLAY. | WE ALL REJOICE WHEN | IN MY GARDEN |
| EARLY TO BED | A LONG SHOT | GOOD FIGHT |
| DRAWING HIS PAY | HITTING THEM BACK | ALL THERE |
| TRYING TO BLUFF | IN THE LARDER | FAMILY GATHERING |
| FINDING THE WINNER | FOOD FOR REFLECTION | ROUGH CROSSING |
| PLAYING WITH FIRE | TIP AND RUN | GOOD EGG |
| WORKING ON ALLOTMENT | AFTER A BIT | CANTEEN BEER |
| ALL I WANT | WHEN LOVE RETURNS | UNDRESS UNIFORM |
| A GOOD TURN | SOUR GRAPES | THE KAISER'S HEAD |

**HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."**

First choose any of the thirty-three examples given above. Then give **TWO, THREE,** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letters in the alphabet. These examples will guide you: Example:—ALL I WANT. Bullet:—WAR LASTING, SAYS PROFITEER. Example:—IN THE LARDER. Bullet:—LITTLE REMAINS NOWADAYS. Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent. Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated April 27th. This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in EVERYWOMAN'S dated April 6th.

## RESULT OF 277th "BULLETS" COMPETITION.

### FIRST PRIZE OF £250:

**Mr. H. H. BENSON, 11, Fir Road, Waterloo, Liverpool.**
Example:—JUST PEACE.
Bullet:—NECESSARY TO "FREE NATIONS."

### SECOND PRIZE of £25:

**Mr. JAMES YOUNG, 22, Palmerston Street, South Shields.**
Example:—MUNITION GIRLS.
Bullet:—WEAR TROUSERS "FOR FREEDOM."

### THIRD PRIZE of £10:

**Mr. CHARLES M. WULKO, c/o London City and Midland Bank, 5, Threadneedle St., London, E.C.**
Example:—EASIER SAID THAN DONE. Bullet:—OBTAINING "YOUTH" BY ADVERTISING.

### TEN PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

Miss J. BURNS, 20, Bescot St., Walsall, Staffs.: MOTHER'S BOY—HAVING A "SMACK" ELSEWHERE.

Mr. J. WALKER, Dalmeny House Hospital, Edinburgh: OVER WEIGHT—GIVES SATISFACTION "BEYOND MEASURE." (Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

Mrs. J. MURDOCH, 10, Willowbank Crescent, Glasgow, W.: THE KAISER'S AMBITION—EVIDENT FROM THE "BEGINNING."

Mr. A. TREBOR, 30, Constance Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham: NO STANDING—OR UNDERSTANDING—RUSSIAN PEACE.

Mr. P. M. ADAMSON, [illegible] Sackville Gardens, Brighton: OVER WEIGHT—SPARE, AFTER FIRST HOUR.

Mr. J. E. JOHNSON, c/o 43, Falmouth St., Miles Platting, Manchester: WHEN QUEUE STARTS—WOMEN "LET THEMSELVES GO."

Pte. R. W. DARLON, Chilston Ward, Balgowan Hospital, Beckenham: EVADING SERVICE—DOESN'T "ANSWER" HONOURABLE "CALLING."

Mr. G. SHAW, 64, Dane Park Road, Ramsgate: AFTER ALL—TIME NATIONAL SERVICE WAS.

Mr. F. GRISTOCK, 24, Harcourt St., Stretford: WITHOUT A FRIEND—PACIFISTS WISH BOTTOMLEY WAS.

Sgt. E. C. VERNON, 2, Claremont H., Shrewsbury: EASIER SAID THAN DONE—"EXCUSE ME"—AT TRIBUNAL.

### 10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

Mr. I. M. JONES, 13, Kensington Place, Newport, Mon.: HARD TO SATISFY—THE "LIKES" OF US. (Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

Pte. R. BYLES, 345, Wandsworth Road, London, S.W.: JUST PEACE—AND JUST PENSIONS ALSO.

Mr. R. BROWN, 32, Borrowdale Road, Wavertree, Liverpool: MUNITION GIRLS—IN SERVICE, FOLLOWERS ENCOURAGED.

Mr. W. CHURCHILL, Millicent Street, Cardiff: WHEN WE WAKE UP—FORTUNATELY HAVE HADN'T SLEPT.

Mr. J. WILLIAMS, c/o Mrs. Stell, 22, Bubwith Grove, West End, Halifax: STANDING THE TEST—OF TIME—SERGEANT'S JOKES.

Mr. A. S. BURR, 21, Playfield Crescent, East Dulwich, S.E.: SELL OF FARE—GETTING A "SET HOT."

Miss WARDEN, Hillside, New Milton, Hants: EVADING SERVICE—THEREFORE HE'S NEVER "MENTIONED."

Mr. R. JAGO, 34, Park Rd., Ilford, Essex: WHEN WE WAKE UP—WHEN "GREAT GUNS" SPEAK.

Mr. W. C. HARRIS, 70, Hillside Road, Stamford Hill, N.: STANDING THE TEST—RUSSIA COLLAPSED "HEAD" FIRST.

Mr. W. SHAW, 3, Norfolk St., Runcorn, Ches.: MUNITION GIRLS—"DOING BETTER" THAN MANY.

**List of 10s. Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition No. 277 will be published in next week's "Competitor's Journal." Complete list of all Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."**

# "JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE.

We are giving, absolutely **FREE OF CHARGE,** an insurance against ZEPPELIN and all other AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, or BLOCKADE.

Our scheme is simple and comprehensive, and does not bother about any "legal representative" or "next of kin." We shall pay the amount to the insured, who must personally sign the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. The Newsagent's Order Form will keep you permanently insured during such period as this Insurance Scheme and your order to the Newsagent remain in force.

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim, which must be confined to one of the benefits, can be entertained in respect of any one person or home, the address of which must be registered.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £6,000 in respect of claims from any one raid. Payment will be made subject to the rights which the claimant may have or acquire against any other newspaper or insurance body, we paying a proportionate amount of the total admitted claims.

Our Insurance Scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles, and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, Turks, or Bulgarians, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service, although the home of the latter, situate outside military or naval premises, may be insured.

### WHAT WE WILL PAY.

| | |
|---|---|
| In respect of any registered reader (man, woman or child) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named. | £200 |
| For the loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one eye and a limb | £200 |
| For the loss of one limb or one eye. | £100 |
| Per week for total temporary disablement for a period not exceeding 13 weeks. | £3 |
| Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding .. .. .. .. .. .. .. | £350 |
| Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to .. .. .. | £25 |
| Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to .. .. .. | £10 |

**ORDER FORM.**

**TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENTS.**

To _____ Newsagent.

_____

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed _____

Address _____

April 6, 1918.

**You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93 Long Acre, London, W.C.2, where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.**

A receipt for this Order should be forwarded to you by your Newsagent in acknowledgment of deposit of Coupon in his hands.

**REGISTRATION FORM.**

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, W.C.2.
This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

_____ Newsagent, of

_____

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my house or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or, in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee _____

Address _____

Signature of Insured _____
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address of home _____

_____

April 6, 1918.

Made at — Hammersmith

# OSRAM

G.E.C.
DRAWN WIRE
LAMPS

Exclusively the product of BRITISH CAPITAL BRITISH LABOUR BRITISH MATERIALS

# PLAYER'S NAVY CUT Cigarettes

**10** *for* **4½d.** **20** *for* **8½d.**

(MEDIUM STRENGTH)

"BULLETS AND SHELLS ARE INTO HOT METAL."
*from "Pincher Martin O.D." by Taffrail*

ALSO PACKED IN CARD BOXES OF 50 AND 100

These Cigarettes are also supplied at DUTY FREE RATES for the purpose of gratuitous distribution to wounded Soldiers and Sailors in Hospital.

Terms and particulars on application to—

**JOHN PLAYER & SONS, Nottingham**

Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. P783

## THE INEVITABLE END OF EVERY BEETLE.

Once you employ the aid of Hawley's I.K. the doom of every insect is sealed. There's not the smallest loophole for escape. It clears them out in double-quick time, rids your home of great disease-breeders and carriers without mess or fuss.

**Hawley's I.K. Insect Killer**

*is sold by most chemists.*

Hawley's I.K. is the best means whereby you can completely exterminate "six-legged" pests. Quite harmless, in perforated top tins. Go to your chemist and ask for a tin of genuine I.K. Take it home and sprinkle the powder in every nick and crannie you can find.

*Add to the comfort of one soldier at the front by sending him a tin to-day.*

Manufactured by:—
EVANS SONS LESCHER & WEBB, LONDON & LIVERPOOL.
W2

# GRAVES OF SHEFFIELD

EASY TERMS

*YOU ARE ASKING FOR* **Trouble!** *WHEN YOU BUY POOR FLOOR COVERING.*

*The cheapest is not always the best, you know that! Why buy painted canvas when you can get the best Cork Lino for only a trifle more? We back our Lino with our reputation. Write for our patterns, prices, and samples. They're free.*

*Send this to get the right set.*

To Catesbys Ltd., London W.1.
Please send me, post free, your special selection of CORK LINO DESIGNS.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

19 .....

## RICH RUGS.

Rich Rugs—suitable to go with our LI-NOLA and CORK LINO—beautiful in pattern and low in cost. Coloured designs and prices post free.

**CATESBYS LTD.**
*(Dept 19) Tottenham Court Rd., London, W.1.*

Messrs. CATESBYS, Ltd., London, W.1.

Please send me your Style Book and pattern pieces of cloth. I am thinking of buying a Burlington suit.

Full Name .....

Full Address .....

.....

(Dept. 19.)

**We want every man who sees this Advertisement to send the above Coupon and get our Patterns.**

You do not have to buy because you send for the patterns. We want you to have them so as to prove to you that you can get a better Suit from us on Easy Terms, carr. paid, right to your door, than you could get from a local tailor at the same price.

That's a fair proposition, isn't it? All right, then. Just send the coupon to-day before you forget it. You will say the values we offer are the greatest you ever saw. If you don't want to cut this paper, write a post-card or letter for samples, and mention this paper.

**CATESBYS LTD.**
(Dept. 19), Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1.

IMPORTANT NOTICE
TO ABOUT

# 8,000,000 Britishers
WHO USE
# INGERSOLL WATCHES.

If you are one of the fortunate 8,000,000, but owing to an accident or perhaps from some rough usage your Ingersoll Watch requires attention, you should note our new address.

The Government having commandeered our premises in Regent "House," Kingsway, for the use of a Government Department, our offices have been transferred to Regent "Street."

**NOTE THE NEW ADDRESS:—**

INGERSOLL WATCH CO. LTD.,
**170, REGENT STREET,**
**LONDON, W.1.**

# FREE TO GREY-HAIRED.

**ILLUSTRATED TREATISE EXPLANATORY OF NEW PROCESS WHICH RESTORES COLOUR *INSIDE* GREY HAIR.**

*Call or write for Explanatory Book.*

NO more treacherous, messy hair dyes and stains! A Paris physician-scientist a distinguished member of the Paris Faculty now serving with the French Red Cross) has discovered a method of restoring colour *inside* each and every hair of the head, producing the same life-like colouration as nature. Impossible to distinguish from natural colouration. No metallic glitter. No streaky shading. "Inecto" restored colour never comes off on the pillow or hat, nor "runs," even in Turkish or hot baths, shampoos, rain, mist, fog, nor perspiration. Impossible—because the colour is *inside* and *not on the outside* of the hair. Anyone can use "Inecto." No need to be Grey or Going-Grey any more. Your satisfaction guaranteed by "John Bull."

A well-known Royal Princess writes:—"'Inecto' has given me the greatest satisfaction." Over 1,500 Court and other leading hairdressers now are using this new process in preference to all the old dye and stain methods. Everyone is delighted with "Inecto"—the only "Perfect Process" of restoring colour to Grey, Going-Grey, or Faded Hair.

Call and see the heads of persons whose hair has been restored by the "Inecto" Process. If unable to call, write for "Inecto Illustrated Treaties," giving full particulars of this inexpensive and absolutely satisfactory new and perfect method of avoiding the stigma of Faded, Grey, or Going-Grey Hair. Sent gratis and post free. Mention if for Lady or Gentleman, to Secretary, Inecto Ltd.), 15a, North Audley St., Oxford St., London, W.1 (*Near Selfridge's*).

SEND HIM THE MEANS TO MAKE HIM MERRY!—

## "HOW TO BE A SOLDIER,"

By Brainless Bates
(The funniest book you ever cried over)
1/- at all Stationers and Booksellers, or 1/2, post free, direct from the Publishers
A. M. DAVIS & CO., 11/12 Finsbury Square, LONDON, E.C.2.

*10% Discount for Cash or War Loan Scrip.*

# At last!

**To find—at last!—the very furniture you have been searching for in vain; to glance at the plainly-marked price; to discover, with a thrill of delight, how much less it is than you** would have expected—*that* is the daily experience of hundreds who furnish at the "Midland."

**Country Orders** packed free of charge and forwarded carriage paid. Orders by post carefully and personally dealt with by a Special Manager.

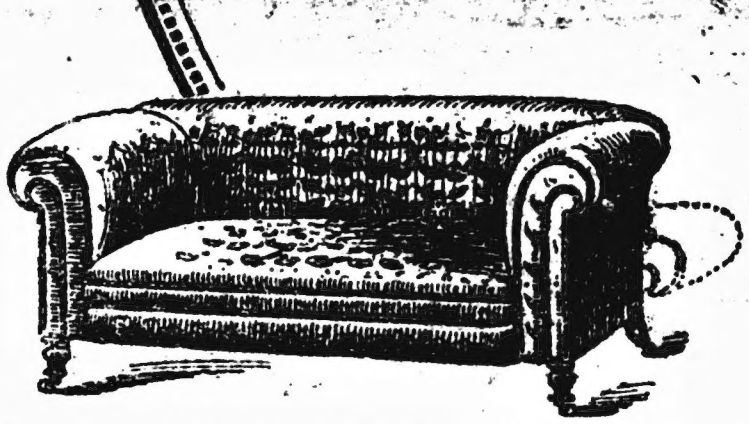
An exceedingly comfortable Easy Chair, double sprung, sumptuously upholstered and covered in art cretonne to customer's choice. An exceptional bargain at

**£4 14s. 6d.**

## Money buys more at the 'Midland'

*10% Discount for Cash or War Loan Scrip.*

For beauty of design, variety of choice, and sterling value-for-money, there is nothing to touch the £100,000 worth of superb furniture now on view in the "Midland" Salons. Come and choose what you need for your home to-day. You get 10% discount for cash, and the "Midland" Ideal Terms enable you to choose at your leisure and pay at your convenience. There is no charge for credit—no interest—no extras whatsoever.



Well-upholstered Chesterfield Settee, with or without drop ends as desired. Thoroughly well sprung and covered with various shades of art cretonne. **£8 5s. 0d.**

### Ideal Terms

(Town or Country.)

| Worth. | Per Month. | Worth. | Per Month. |
|---|---|---|---|
| £10 - | £0 5 6 | £50 - | £1 7 6 |
| £20 - | 0 11 0 | £100 - | 2 15 0 |
| £30 - | 0 16 6 | £200 - | 5 10 0 |
| £40 - | 1 2 0 | £500 - | 13 15 0 |

Larger amounts pro rata.

**Rail Fares Paid** Customers' Fares to town paid on all orders of £20 and over.

## Free Life, Fire, Aircraft and Bombardment Insurance.

At the "Midland" customers can obtain free insurance policies whereby **all furniture purchased on Ideal Terms becomes the absolute property of the wife,** in the event of the death of the purchaser. **All furniture** thus purchased is also **insured against damage by Fire, Aircraft Bombs, or Hostile Bombardment.**

# Midland

## Furnishing Company, Ltd.,

*Contractors to H.M. Crown Agents for the Colonies.*

**15 to 23, Southampton Row, Holborn, W.C.**

*Seven doors from Holborn and Kingsway Tube Stations, 1 minute from British Museum Tube Station.*

Hours—9 till 7. Saturdays—9 till 1.

*Managing Director,* GEORGE MICHAEL, (who has been associated with the business for 30 years).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